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TORONTO, APRIL, 1885.

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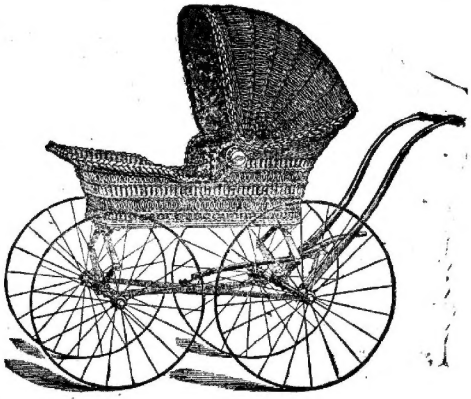

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SMITH & FUDGER, 48 & 50 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME IV.
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ILLUSTRATED DESIGNS.

In the designs for the present month our readers will find many useful and seasonable models for spring dresses and garments, and we particularly commend them to the "Melusine" costume, as furnishing a suggestive and graceful costume for immediate wear, or for later summer needs. The costume as given consists of skirt and mantle only, as any bodice may be worn with it, although, of course, in making it would be better to have the dress complete. The style, as arranged, shows a combination of materials, plain and figured, trimmed with the colored lace, noticed in another column as one of the spring novelties of the Kursheedt Manufacturing Company. The costume can be of silk, with a conventional figure in two shades of the same color.

There are two other examples of the fashionable small garments for street wear. The "Faida" mantelet, and the "Anatolia" visite. The mantelet is a very good example of the styles preferred by young ladies for wear over tailor-made suits. The "Faida" is made in light cloths, the pongee and beige shades being preferred; and is braided with several close rows of Titan braid, with a corded upper edge. The standing collar is in the military style, what is called the "officer's" collar, which is rather deep and stiff, and is braided to match the front. The back forms a fitted basque, with hollow box-plaited skirt, and is held in to the waist by an interior belt or ribbon. It is lined with silk.

The "Anatolia" would adapt itself to more dressy purposes, and suit older ladies as well as the young who require an elegant garment. It should be made in thick, plain satin, heavy silk or brocade, and may be trimmed with lace, soft ruffles or full tasselled fringe. The "Cleoria" jacket is somewhat different from the models lately given, in being half-fitting and made with a vest the depth of the jacket. The vest may be of silk or velvet, or summer plush, but it should show a contrast of material, not of color, to the jacket, which is of fine tricot cloth, ornamented with stitching and buttons only. The vest is turned back to form *revers* at the throat, a style which suggests at once the linen collar and the tie.

The "London Newmarket" is given as the spring coat or ulster for traveling and serviceable uses. It is a practical garment, neat and protective. It is fitted to the figure, though not so closely as the jersey redingote, and the fulness at the back forms inverted plaits, marked at the seams below the waist line by worked arrow heads. The fronts are shaped as a long coat without darts, and show useful pockets. It can be buttoned entirely down the front, or left open part of the way, as required. The buttons are small and plain; the silk lining or facing should be strictly matched.

The "Marise" skirt is novel, and looks well in a variety of materials. A deep flounce is shirred on the lower part of the skirt, above which a draped apron is arranged so as to conceal the foundation skirt if needed, but if made of light summer materials, and all alike this would not be essential. The back drapery is laid in triple plaits and hangs straight, the trimming consisting of rows of braid, velvet or embroidery to match that upon the flounce. It might also consist simply of clustered tucking. The flounce should not be as full in front as at the back, and the finer the shirring the better the effect, particularly in thin woolen or silken materials.

The "Liska" overskirt is a graceful style, well adapted to thin figured goods, dotted nun's veilings, and all soft and easily draped materials. It is good also for fine serges and dark blue and white flannel costumes, for it turns over upon the edge, and may be faced with a color, blue or red, the facing forming the trimming, which may be repeated in the vest and standing collar of the waist or jacket worn with it. A tucked or plaited or plain underskirt would best suit the "Liska," as the high, stylish looping upon the side gives effect to the lines of the skirt, which should be therefore unbroken.

A pretty corset-cover is a desideratum, especially when the season for thin dresses comes round, and the "Marget" is as near perfection as a corset-cover can be. It is perfectly fitting, the embroidery forming a stylish square which admits of an open, or V-shaped bodice, without detriment to neatness.

SPRING COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—This gives the back view of the "Marise" skirt and "Faida" mantelet, made in dark-blue bison cloth and trimmed with "Kursheedt's Standard" spangled tinsel braid, a most effective garniture having gold threads interwoven with blue mohair braid. The arrangement of the front of the skirt and mantelet can be seen in the double illustrations given among the separate fashions, and the description accompanying each, states the quantity of material and trimming required for a medium size. The straw bonnet, made of alternate rows of blue and gold braid, is attractively trimmed with a puff of red velvet, blue ostrich tips and an aigrette, the blue velvet strings being arranged to tie under the chin. This costume is exceedingly effective when made in any colored cloth or woolen goods and trimmed with the braid mentioned above, and it will also be found satisfactory for numerous thin materials which can be decorated with embroidery or lace. The pattern of the mantelet is in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty-five cents each. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—An exceptionally stylish street costume, consisting of the "Cleora" jacket and "Liska" overskirt worn over a plain walking skirt. The material is camel's hair in one of the new ecru shades, which is used for the jacket and overskirt, and with it embroidered velveteen is associated, the delicate figures being wrought in golden threads, which are unusually effective on the dark-brown ground. The velveteen forms the plain gored walking skirt, the revers on the overskirt and the vest for the jacket. The jacket and overskirt are both illustrated separately elsewhere, and the quantity of material required for a medium size of each is stated in the accompanying descriptions. The jaunty ecru straw hat is worn a little over the face, and is trimmed with brown canvas ribbon in which gold threads are mingled. The full bow is set high against the crown in front, and is pierced by a golden arrow. Tan-colored gloves complete the costume. Price of jacket patterns, twenty five cents each size. Overskirt pattern, thirty cents.

HOW TO PRESERVE FLOWERS.

Poets are not always practical, but when they assure us that "the fairest flowers must fade" we are inclined to take stock in the assertion. Nothing can be more exquisite than the perfect bloom of a beautiful flower, and often have we lamented the swift decay of a lovely and expensive bouquet. Many processes have been invented and patented for embalming both fruits and flowers. The following simple method seems to promise success in retaining form and color, and we would be glad if some of our thousands of readers would try it and give us the benefit of their experience: "Fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading by immersing them in a solution of gum arabic and water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the fruit with a thin coating of the gum, which is entirely impervious to the air, and thus prevents decay of the fruit or withering of the flowers. Roses preserved in this way have all the beauty of freshly plucked ones, though they have been separated from the parent stem for many months. To ensure success in experiments of this kind, it should be borne in mind that the whole surface must be completely covered, for, if the air gets an entrance at only a pinhole, the labor will be lost. In preserving specimens of fruit particular care should be taken to cover the stem, end and all, with the gum. A good way is to wind a thread of silk about the stem, and then sink it slowly in the solution, which should not be so strong as to leave a particle of the gum undisolved. The gum is so perfectly transparent that its presence can scarcely be detected except by the touch."

A CRIMEAN SNOWSTORM.

"Good night, Hal; don't keep Will up too long, or he won't be able to hit a haystack to-morrow.

It was my wife who spoke. My cousin Hal and I were setting down to a comfortable smoke in my den, and her warning voice fell on unheeding ears. Hal, a big bronzed athlete, with gray hair round a youngish face, was spending a short holiday at my place in the country, and this night was likely to be the last he and I would have to ourselves, for already the golden leaves had fluttered down from the trees, and on the morrow guests would fill the coverts with the rattle of smooth-bores and wake the echoes in the old house with their merriment. Hal had only just returned from Kimberly, free from the troubles of impecuniosity for the rest of his natural life, but not, I thought, so bright and cheery as he should have been. The smile I used to know so well in those honest blue eyes was never in them now, save for courtesy's sake. So I prepared to elicit from him, if possible, the cause of the change. To my surprise he cut me short at once: "No, old fellow, you aren't to do any of the talking to-night; that's my part of the business; you prepare to listen." And then after a moment he deliberately filled his pipe, got up and turned the key in the door, and began again with: "Will, do I look like a chap to commit a murder! No, you needn't answer, I know what you would say; but for all that you are wrong—I did almost commit one once, and I am going to tell you all about it."

Hal and I had been school companions, and though I was his senior by a year or two, he had been the hero of my school days, and had retained his influence in our after life.

Together we had grown up at his mother's knee, and when our relations told us that the little store our fathers had left us would not allow any longer stay at school, and hinted that we had better be up and doing, Hal and I had together elected to try for clerkships in the Indo-European Telegraph Service. The pay was not very great, but on the foreign stations it was enough to live on; the work (eight hours out of every twenty-four) was not repulsive in itself, and the service gave us an opportunity of visiting strange lands.

Those were pleasant days at Kertch in spite of our poverty. I think one might do worse than live them over again. But at the end of two years we had tired of them, and a telegram received on 24th of December informing me of the death of a relative, which freed me forever from the service of "dot and dash," was eagerly welcomed. There was no such luck for all that when I left Kertch he determined to seek employment elsewhere.

Hear the story from his own lips:

"You remember, Will, that Christmas Eve ten years ago, after you had got your lawyer's telegram; how, when the first burst of excitement had subsided, the dullness of the snow-buried town palled upon us, and to think of passing our time in the ordinary way, loafing in the billiard room of the English Club, or hanging on behind sledges in the 'Rue Woronzoff,' of those fair occupants we were heartily sick long since, seemed out of the question? It was four o'clock already, and the evening was fast closing in. Our thoughts had gone back to the firelit homes of old England in the twilight hour, and even the absence of an open grate and its flickering flames had become a grievance to us. There was nothing to do out of doors, nothing to do within, but pine for the time when we might escape from Lertch and its ennui. Every book had been read and reread, and even the poor pleasures of conchoutting fancy landscapes from the frost work on the window panes had been tried and found a failure, for the bitter intensity of the cold had swallowed up all the delicate tracery of the earlier frosts in one solid sheet of ice. It was then that you proposed that mad shooting party which so nearly cost you your life—how nearly I think you have never yet guessed.

"No one but a brace of mad Englishmen would have dreamed of such a thing, but we revelled in that epithet in those days, loved hardships for their own sake, and were too young and tough to come to much grief.

"So Paramon, our henchman, was called from his slumbers in a sheepskin on top of the kitchen *pitchka*, and sent grumbling out into the night to order our *troika*, and though the thermometer stood at 3° Fahrenheit, and Michael Maximovitch the Postmaster, did all he dared to thwart our purpose, yet in a little over an hour the lumbering open cart was at the door, with its shaggy ponies and Tartar *yemschik*. The broad silent streets, ill-paved, half lighted, were buried in snow and sparkling with frost; the sky above was a deep, strong violet color, looking *bright* as fire and keen as ice,' and the stars so near that you could almost see the red flames leaping in them. Here and there under the white faced houses a *storoz* (watchman) cowered in a doorway, so muffled up his sheepskins as hardly to retain a human outline. Except for his staff against the wall, signals to the world that some one was on guard in spite of the weather, not a sound was to be heard. Even the dogs of Kertch were silent for once.

"Outside the town was set our sledge-bells going, and their merry clatter and the keen air stirred the life within us, woke a a spirit of defiance to the silence that brooded round us, and for a while the chorus of 'The Red White, and Blue' woke the witch hare from her nest in the snowdrift as we sped past.

"But soon the frost laid its finger on our lips and glued them together with icy bonds. Our mustaches whitened and stiffened, and our eyelashes froze to our lids, until we were glad to nestle into our wraps and be silent.

"The lights of the town were soon out of sight; the stars, too had disappeared, and again the ceaseless, silent snow fell around all.

"Away to the west over the low rolling steppeland lay Sebastopol and our English dead, among them your father and mine, buried as English officers are best buried, 'deep with their men.' The ruined city round which they fought, standing in ruins still its empty window frames and doorless passages gazing blankly over the frozen sea and low snow-clad hills, is the most desolate sight upon earth. Could it be that the dead lying there to night were at peace? Had they no longing as I had, to hear the happy Christmas bells of home ring out across the snow? Full as the earth and water is of life, crowded with myriad forms of sentient beings, it seemed hard to believe that the broad expanse above and around us was peopled only by the feathery snowflakes To me it seemed that the graveyards of the Crimea had given up their dead, their voices were on every wind that sighed, and before I reached the post station I had almost persuaded myself that I could distinguished their forms in the storm. For nearly three hours we toiled over that fifteen versts. Twice with a sudden plunge that stopped and took our breath away, and sent us rolling from the frozen truss that formed our seat, we dived headlong into drifts above the horses' withers. With many a curse and many a caressing word did the *yemsthik*, by our help, extricate his half buried team, and at last through a rift in the whirling flakes we saw the gaunt black and white post that marked the station at which our journey for the night ended. If anything could have astonished stolid Pavel, the German Jew who managed the station, the arrival of travelers on such a night would have done it. As it was instead of that best welcome which one hopes for at an inn, we were near being turned away. Had he something good for supper? 'Nitchevo' (nothing,) warm to drink? 'Nitchevo.' Was there plenty of game? Still 'Nitchevo,' and so to every question until you might fancy 'Nitchevo' was the only word in the Russian language, as thanks to its many various meanings, it almost might be. That was a dreary night we passed at Sultanovka. The bitter cold seemed to take shape and size, and torture and grip us with the personal malice of a living foe. The wooden bedsteds groaned and thawed slowly as we lay upon them, until great beads of moisture stood at every crevice in the woodwork. Outside, the spirits of wind and storm were abroad to meet old Christmas on his way from the frozen North, with nothing more than the one dim light of the station, gleams out over the waste like the Cyclops' eye, to watch them.

"It was early dawn when, with heads racked by the pain caused by the stiffling fumes of the charcoal stove and by want of rest, we sallied out with our guns into the icy freshness of the new day.

"As the morning broke, the wind went down, and the drift, resetting on the steppe, gave us a clear view all round. From time to time as we came with noiseless tread into some sheltered balkan, a puff of snow would fly up into the air, and a form scarcely less white than its surroundings would hurry away, across the waste, or dye it with its crimson life-blood.

"Here and there we came to tiny pools where, on the frozen surface, groups of teal or duck were sitting with ruffled plumes, longing for the liquid element, which seemed for the nonce to have vanished from the earth altogether.

"By noon our game sacks had grown heavy, and we turned our heads toward home, satisfied that Christmas on the steppes was a little less cheerless than Christmas in the town.

"With our return our troubles began.

"The traitor wind that for a while had sunk to rest now rose like a giant refreshed whirling the fine snow in powder from its resting places, and blinding the eyes that sought the homeward way.

"Hour after hour we plodded on in the ever-increasing darkness of drifted snow, nothing visible above or around save the opaque veil that hid the world from our eyes.

"Wilder and wilder grew the wind, catching your light form in his rough embrace, and whirling you in a staggering dance over the snow. I see you now almost as plainly as I saw you then, in my mind's eye, at one moment wrapped and buried in your *bourka*, the next shot out from it, all legs and arms, as if it would have been torn from your shoulders by the wayward giant.

"'Go home, go home,' the wind seemed ever whistling in our ears, but the blinding **snow mocked the good advice.**

"For you rest seemed near, but such rest as curdled the blood to think of. Weakened by want of sleep, wearied by heavy toil the grip of the icy wind had got hold upon your heart, and that dread drowsiness—sure prelude, if yielded to, to the everlasting sleep—seemed fast growing upon you, numbing your energies, and making life appear a boon not half so much to be desired as the soft, cold couch in the drift at your feet. Twice your weak knees failed, and you sank, how softly into the snow. Twice I returned and dragged you from your self-elected shroud, supporting and driving you forward in spite of your supplications and reproaches.

"But my own strength was waning, my courage failing, in the hard and bitter battle with the merciless cold.

"There were devils abroad that day, Will, in the darkness of the snowstorm.

"Nothing less could have whispered in my ear that your life was all that stood between me and wealth and freedom from a life I loathed—your life, which you yourself prayed me to let you lay down, as a burden too heavy for you to bear; your life, which, perhaps, in spite of all my efforts, I could never save, and which might cost me my own.

"At last, when I was well night spent, you slid from my grasp, and, afraid to look at you again, I let the devil have his way, and left you. The tempter had succeeded, and I, the heir—I your more than brother—I left you to the sleep of death, went onward alone to safety, and (fool that I was) I thought to happiness.

"Oh, on through the storm I struggled. The white curtain had closed forever over you, and I dared not look behind. On, and on, but still no sign of the station, and at last the moan of waves told me the awful truth. I had wandered far from my course, and now nothing remained but to lie down and die. Not side by side with you as I should have done, not at rest in innocence as you had done, but haunted and tortured even to my last death throb by the devil to whom I had yielded. For a time I lay down, and listened to the voices of the waves, mingled with the cries of some sea gulls, those mariners' mourners whose even, undulating flight no storm seems ever to disturb. Then I rose and staggered on again. To me no dreamy death drew near.

"I no longer sought to save my life, nay, could I have chosen I should now have preferred death by your side to escape without you. But it was too late. To look for you now would have been vain. I neither knew where I had left you nor where the inn lay. As I plodded mechanically forward, staggering heavily at every step, I caught a glimpse of what seemed to me a distant figure in the snow. Huge and indistinct, at first I could not make out its outline, until a sudden rift in the storm revealed to me two other wayfarers battling like myself with the elements. Madly plunging forward, I tried to overtake them, but the more I struggled the deeper I sank in the drifts which now engulfed me, sometimes almost to the waist. Before I could reach them the white curtain of the storm swept between us, and I was again alone. From time to time it seemed to me that I caught sight of them always just beyond my reach. Despair took hold of me. I felt I was going mad. With all my strength I tried to call aloud, but the wind drowned my voice. I was like one trying to cry out in a dream, and then I think I prayed.

"Again the curtain parted for a moment and I saw my fellow-wanderers; two weary figures in long gray cloaks like those Russian soldiers wear, one of them almost carrying the other in his arms. But slowly as they seemed to toil along they were still to fast for my most frantic endeavors to overtake them, nor did they ever turn their faces toward me. Again and again I lost sight of them, and then my agony of mind bordered on insanity. Once as I followed close behind them they disappeared so entirely that, fearing to lose them altogether, I bent over the spot to find their tracks, preferring to feel my way along their footsteps rather than be left utterly without guidance in that wilderness. In vain. Behind me my own tracks were scored deep and plain upon the snow, but they were the only ones, and before me all lay smooth and unbroken. Their footsteps **left no trace.**

"Once again the figures reappeared, again I followed them, for how long we shall never know; but it seemed to me in my agony as if, like the Wandering Jew, centuries rolled up beneath my weary feet. At last the two paused, one of them had slipped from the other's grip, and that other stood bending over his companion. With one supreme effort I plunged forward until I was almost within arm's length of them, and then—the snow held me!

"Strive as I would to lift my feet, they clung to the cruel snow; snow; that instead of being light as feathers or sea foam, was now heavy as lead or the burden of an unrepented crime.

"My lips froze and my powers of speech congealed.

"My heart stood still on the very brink of breaking. I felt one word would save me. I could not say it.

"Cold as the Christmas wind on the steppeland was a colder breath swept over me, as I stood before those silent gray forms which seemed to grow vast and vague in the dancing snow wreaths.

"In some other life, at some other time, I had known these two before. As I gazed, the wind rose louder, wilder than before, and as it tore furiously across the dreary waste it caught the cloak that shrouded the standing figure's face, and as it blew back for one moment I recognized my own father. Not the face I had known as a child-bright and brave, but terribly wan and sad:

> "'Do we indeed desire the dead
> Should still be near us at our side;
> Is there no baseness we would hide;
> No inner vileness that we dread?'

"Alas! the sorrow in those awful eyes answered the question for me. My cup of bitterness was full indeed. Given over to death, traitor to my brother, without hope either here or hereafter, I stood a 'yet warm corpse' before my judge, and that judge the one who in this life I had loved with all a child's heart, with all a boy's hero worship. In mercy the cold wind crept into my heart and stilled its beating. The figures wavered in the storm, grew dim, and then were blotted out. I thought I heard the death-rattle in my own throat, saw my own dead face looking up at me from the snow, still with an awful stillness, but not of peace, set

rather in the frozen agony of eternal despair. I staggered forward and fell.

"It seems to me that in those minutes I really passed through the valley of death, really suffered the whole punishment for my sin. I pray it may be so. At least the worst seemed past, for even as I fell, my head in falling rested not on the snow, which should have been my sepulchre, but on your icy check.

"Oh, of course I know how men of science would explain it all. The left leg takes a shorter stride than the right, (or some such theory,) and so, as was inevitable, I had wandered around in a circle until I returned to my starting point.

"Possibly they are right. I disagree with them. To me it seems that other aid than man's had led my erring steps back to the path of duty, aye, and was with me still as I lifted your body in my arms.

"Almost as if her dear voice was speaking in the wild night, I seemed to hear again the old, old story your mother used to tell to us children—how in that night after Inkerman, the brothers, one sore wounded, and the other sore spent, had held together manfully, and through the darkness of night had struggled back to their lines, almost dead, but not divided.

"Nothing seemed strange to me then. I knew that those brothers had come to me from that silent graveyard at Sebastopol, where both now lie 'forgotten with England's dead,' to save one son from death, and the other from death and dishonor.

"I hardly felt your weight as I lifted you on to my shoulder (did I lift you, I often wonder, or were they still helping me?)—you seemed so light! Utterly careless now of self, and acting under an impulse altogether beyond my power to control, I bore you forward, not now with any uncertain step, not now seeking any guide, but going direct to my point like one who knew his road and saw his goal before him.

"The snow still whirled about us, and covered us, until we must have seemed a part of the storm; the wind raved and mourned by fits, but I saw nothing, heard nothing any longer.

"All seemed to be gradually merging into a dream.

"Pain and weariness, cold and despair, the weight I carried, and the woe I suffered, were gone.

"Home voices were whispering in my ears, and when a flood of light streamed out through the storm the sobbing wind died away, and as I stumbled across the threshold of the wretchard inn, and dropped with my burden on the floor, loud and full from the wild waste without broke upon my ears, which now seemed closing to all earthly sounds forever, the music of England's loyal soldier song, as they sing it, hands clasped, round the mess table:

"'For auld lang syne, my lads,
For auld lang syne!'

"For days and days the Russian peasants nursed us, as a mother might nurse her only child.

"You recovered consciousness first, and save for those two fingers which you left as spoils to the frozen north, were little the worse for that bitter night.

"After weeks of delirium, on the very threshold of the next world, I too recovered.

"Do you wonder now, Will, that I cannot look in the face of the man who calls me his preserver with the happy smile of a loyal comrade? It took nothing less than the presence of one risen from the dead to prevent my dying as your murderer. Through years of successful toil I have tried to keep my secret and forget—to keep you still in ignorance, so that I might always enjoy the love and trust you gave me.

"It could not be. Those haunting eyes have never left me, and now after ten years they compel me to give up my secret, as they compelled me then to retrace my steps and do my duty.

"There, Will, you have my story now—we'll say good-bye to-morrow; and, if you can, forgive me."

* * * * * *

Need I say any more; need I add that Hal did not leave my house that week; that Kimberley knows that successful engineer no more; that my nearest neighbor and my dearest friend is still cousin Hal, and that in my heart of hearts I look upon his story as the unfortunate remains of some terrible dream of his delirium, one other burden which he took upon himself that Christmas night for me, and one more link to bind us more closely together?—*Temple Bar.*

SALADS.

The *Queen*, the leading of the English ladies' journals, gives a long list of salad recipes from which the following are taken. The good cook will find them valuable:—

COMMON POTATO SALAD.—Small potatoes, which are wasteful to peel and cook with larger ones, should be sorted out for salads. Boil them in their skins, and (while warm) peel and slice them thin. Mince chives, parsley, or onion very fine, and strew it over the potatoes in the salad-bowl. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, pour over two or three spoonfuls of oil, and moisten the whole with vinegar and water mixed, that it may not be too sour. Chives or onion may, of course, be omitted. Several things are mixed with potato salad, both for flavor and appearance, such as pickled beetroot sliced, a fresh cucumber sliced as usual, a Dutch herring cut up small, or a few sardines minced. Only one of these things, be it understood, and it should be mixed with the potatoes before the oil and vinegar.

CAULIFLOWER SALAD.—Boil cauliflowers in salt and water, so that a fork will go through them, but not too soft. Lay them in cold water, and then drain them on a sieve. Divide them in tufts the size of a walnut; arrange them neatly in a shallow dish with strips of beetroot between, and pour over with a spoon a good salad cream.

COLD MEAT SALAD.—Any kind of cold meat, such as beef or mutton, which has been boiled in broth or soup, may be cut into very small slices or dice. Mince an onion very fine, and cut up any kind of pickle small, such as beans, gherkins or beetroot, in vinegar, and also a boiled carrot. Mix all together with the meat. Pepper it and pour over enough of the salad dressing No. 2 to moisten the whole. Let it stand half an hour before using. Garnish with celery, watercress, or red pickle of cabbage or beetroot.

PEAS, LENTILS, OR BEAN SALAD.—Dried peas, lentils, or white beans are boiled soft, well drained, mixed with chopped parsley, salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar, garnished with cresses or endive, and served as salad.

ARTICHOKE SALAD.—The artichokes must be prepared and boiled as for table. Drain them dry without breaking, arrange them neatly, pour over them the salad cream No. 3 or 4. Fish of any kind may be used as a garnish.

LETTUCE SALAD.—Cut up good cos lettuce in the bowl; fry little dice of bacon minced fine; do not let them brown, but just melt the bacon fat, then add vinegar, salt and pepper to the bacon; pour the whole over the lettuce, and stir it up well. This must be served as soon as made, or the lettuce will lose its crispness.

FISH SALAD.—Cold fish of any kind must be divided neatly in flakes. A few shrimps or oysters may be added, and a nice portion of hard-boiled eggs, chopped small. All lightly stirred up together, with some thin slices of pickled gherkins or other green pickles. Pour over a salad cream, and garnish with parsley and slices of lemon.

SARDINE SALAD.—Rub two or three sardines in a mortar with the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Add equal quantities of vinegar, wine, and cream or oil (about two tablespoonfuls of each), a little cayenne or white pepper, and a grate of nutmeg. Break up any remains of cold fish with forks, that it may be flaky; spread a layer of the fish on a dish; strew over it some capers and thin slices of pickled gherkins, then thin slices of smoked or Bologna sausage, and on the top, neatly arranged, sardines in halves, open the long way and the bones drawn out; if they are not dissolved, stir up the cream you have made, pour it over the dish, and garnish with sliced eggs, a wreath of any fresh salad, and slices of lemon.

CUCUMBER SALAD.—When cucumbers are bitter, cut off a good half inch at the point before peeling, or peel them from the stem downwards, leaving the point untouched, as it is there the bitter lies, and is dispersed by the knife going through it. Slice them very thin—a cucumber plane is best for this purpose; serve them with any kind of dressing. They are especially good and wholesome with plain potato salad, but are more often served with pepper, salt, and oil, and white wine vinegar.

FRENCH BEAN SALAD.—String and boil French beans as for table in salted water. Drain them well, and when cold mix with them oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, finely chopped parsley, chives, or a little winter savoury. This salad is very good with roast mutton.

BEETROOT IN VINEGAR.—Beetroots must be washed and boiled quite whole without cutting off either end, or they will be spoiled. Let them cool; then peel and cut them in thin slices. Lay them in an earthen or glass jar; cover them with cold vinegar which has been boiled with a handful of caraway seeds, and strained. Sliced horseradish should be laid with the beetroot. Either mixed with other salads or alone, beetroot in this simple form is good with any kind of meats.

RED SALAD.—Boil small red potatoes in their skins; when cool, peel and slice them a little thicker than a penny. Some of the inner tender part of a red cabbage must be sliced as thin as possible; mix equal parts of potato, of cabbage, and beetroot boiled. The dressing must be oil poured over, salt, pepper, and the above red vinegar from the beetroot jar, enough to color the potatoes.

WINTER SALAD.—Prepare potatoes as in the preceeding directions; cut small slices of pickled beetroot, some apples and celery, equal portions of each, or any green pickle may be substituted for celery. Mix these lightly in a salad bowl, with treble the quantity of the sliced potatoes; avoid breaking them. Mix a dressing of oil, sour cream, a little vinegar, salt, and pepper; pour it over the salad, and garnish with a wreath of water or garden cress. Finely shred onions or chives may either be mixed in or handed with the salad.

BACON SALAD DRESSING.—Let no one condemn this homely sauce without tasting it. Cut three or four ounces of streaked bacon into very small dice, and fry them in a stew-pan a pale color, but crisp. Beat the yolks of three eggs with a spoonful of flour, a small wineglass of vinegar, and half as much again water; add a spoonful of made mustard, some salt and pepper. Put this to the bacon in the stewpan, and stir it over the fire until thick and smooth. The bacon fat supplies the place of oil. When quite cold, use it for potato or any other salad. It must be stirred while cooling. Should it be thicker than cream, thin it with a little vinegar and water, well stirred in.

WINTER CABBAGE SALAD.—Boil an equal quantity of white and red close cabbage in plenty of water, each color separate. They must only boil about five minutes. Then throw them, also apart, into cold water; let them drain well. Cut the thin leaves into very narrow shreds; the ribs of the leaves must all be left out, as they are too hard for salad. Arrange the salad in alternate tufts of white and red, either in a dish or bowl; garnish it in any approved way, and give it either No. 2 or 4 of the salad creams when served.

LUXURIOUS BATHING.

One does not need the Atlantic Ocean or even a river to get the benefit of a bath. A wash basin, a broad, flat pan to stand in, and two cans or jugs of water, hot and cold, will answer every purpose. The effect of the hot water followed by cold is very curious. I have the pleasure of knowing a lady who found it so good for her own ailments that she tried it on her plants. A fading fern revived at once to vigorous life. Try it for rheumatism and neuralgia. Try it for any maladies you may have. It is good for a local application; but general treatment is best in all cases if you can compass it. Make the whole body more alive, and every part will feel the benefit—besides, life flows where it is most needed. A good invigorating bath removes local congestions, and distributes as well as increases the forces of health.

In the English civil service there are 3,260 women clerks.

WOMAN IN TURKEY.

The woman of Turkey—or she, at least, who has the good fortune to live in the bigger cities—is no longer as a sealed book. Those who run may look, and those who look may see her.

There are, of course, prominent examples of the advanced Turkish woman. Their histories are in many instances similar. A case in point would be that of the now fashionable Turkish lady who while an infant was sold by her parents to a Jew slave dealer, who, after the usual course of training, exhibited his prize to his customers with the rest of his live stock. It was in such a case, for women dealt with in this manner, a mere toss-up what she became—a fine lady's handmaiden or something worse. Even the lot of the handmaiden is not always an enviable one.

But fortune smiled on this heroine of the slave mart. A celebrated Turkish statesman, who patronized the Hebrew merchant, purchased her as a playfellow for his son. The children grew up together till the time arrived when the boy had to quit the harem. He was educated in France, and when in later years he returned he found the old partner of his romps a beautiful girl, and so—he fell in love with and married her.

His wife eventually became a widow and soon belonged to the advanced school, which has its acknowledged leaders, notwithstanding the fact that the free born wives and damsels look down on such of their sisters who have been sold and bought. So far, that following the example of one or two others of her friends, who, like herself, had not cared because they scandalized the stricter of their sex, she had started on a trip to the forbidden land of Cristendom. Nor, indeed, was it much wondered at when it was whispered that she was betrothed to one not belonging to her church. But the announcement that she was received into the Church of Rome was a genuine surprise. Married or single, she could scarcely dare to return to Turkey. To leave the country without the permission which is hardly ever given to a Moslem female is an extremely grave offence, and apostacy is, by the sacred law, punishable with death. It is reported that, at the request of a relative, her name has already been erased from the list of Ottoman subjects.

THE FACE AND COMPLEXION.

It is a woman's business to be as beautiful as she can be. Beauty has at times been a theme of song for poets. It has always been the object of adoration by artists, while philosophers and scholars have also in all ages made it the subject of serious study. A woman's first requisite towards pleasing others is that she shall be pleased with herself, for in no other way can be attained that self praise which leaves her at liberty to devote herself successfully to others. Could a woman be made to believe herself beautiful it would go far towards making her so. No woman's longing for comeliness and yet conscious of an unattractive exterior need linger in the belief that there is no alleviation in her case, no chance of making her face and figure more attractive, and truer exponents of the spirit within. We may bodily set about renovating the outward form, sure that nature will respond to our efforts.

The essence of beauty is health. We must first secure purity of blood. To purify the blood take a teaspoonful of charcoal well mixed in water or honey for three successive nights, then use some simple purgative to remove it from the system, else it will remain there a mass of impurities, retaining all the poison collected by it. The action of charcoal is similar to that of calomel without its evil effects. This purification should be repeated every three months. Charcoal may be eaten at any time at the rate of an ounce per day without injury if a mild aperient be taken subsequently. In large cities it may be procured in the form of crackers. We know of nothing better to improve the complexion through purifying the blood than a free use of charcoal.

A GOLD WATCH.

A Gentleman's Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting Genuine Elgin Watch, Given Away Every Week by "Truth" for the Best Short Story, Original or Selected.

Read This Remarkable Offer.

The publisher of *Truth*, ever on the alert to secure the best that can be obtained, regardless of cost, is giving every week one gentleman's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watch, valued at about $90, to the person sending the best selected or original short story which, in the judgment of the editor, is thought suitable for publication in *Truth*.

Only two conditions are attached to this offer.

1st. The story need not necessarily be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, so long as it is legible.

2nd. The sender must become a subscriber for *Truth* for at least *six months*, and must therefore send $1 50 along with the story, together with name and address clearly given. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended an additional half year for the $1.50 sent.

If two persons happen to send in the same story the *first one received* at *Truth* office will have the preference.

The offer is now open and stories are being published each week for which a watch is given. Look up something good and send it in.

Address, EDITOR'S PRIZE STORY, TRUTH office, Toronto, Canada.

N B. Make all postoffice and other cheques, drafts, etc., payable to S. FRANK WILSON, the publisher.

ENGLISH WOMEN.

Sixty four women engravers earn their livelihood in England.

There are 7,162 women missionaries and preachers in England.

There are 600 professional beauties in London who won't work at all.

There are 452 women editors in England and 1,309 female photographers.

There are 113,995 English school teachers, nearly all of whom are spinsters.

Ten thousand five hundred women bind English books and 2,305 assist in printing them.

The Queen is worth $85,000,000 and works harder than any woman in the kingdom.

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at cost of one million dollars. $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any other first class hotel in the City.

Tailor made dresses are now in almost endless variety, and are very different things from those simple ones first made.

"A constantly increasing sale with the same satisfactory results, for which it was first noted," writes W. W. Branscombe, druggist, of Picton, of the noted blood and liver remedy—Burdock Blood Bitters.

The parasol of high ceremony is of transparent grenadine gauze, broche with velvet, and trimmed with lace and jet fringes.

C. L. Easton, of Hamilton, Ont., speaks in terms of gratitude and praise of the great benefit he derived from Burdock Blood Bitters, taken for Dyspepsia.

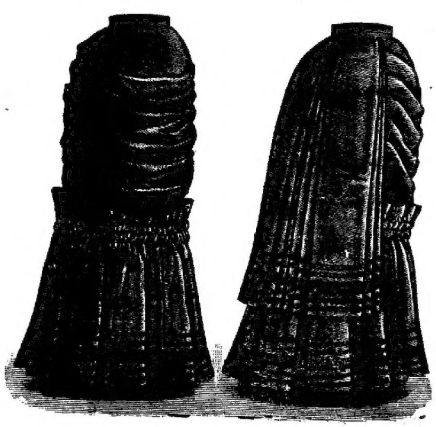
Bodices of ball dresses are sometimes so low as to seemingly consist merely of a wide waist belt and two slender shoulder straps.

Most of the Complaints peculiar to Females may be promptly benefited and cured by the purifying, regulating tonic power of Burdock Blood Bitters.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—The "Etta" dress is a picturesque and practical design for little girls from two to six years of age. It is illustrated made in fine white nainsook trimmed with embroidery, and wide sash of pale blue ribbon is tied around the waist with a large bow at the back. This little model is most appropriate for the ginghams, Chambery and various white materials that have the plain and embroidered goods to match, and it is also desirable for light woolen goods. The double illustration is given among the separate fashions, showing the arrangement of the back. Patterns in sizes from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

FIG. 2.—A dressy, youthful and stylish model for a miss, the "Muriel" costume, made in hemlock-green bison cloth, with figured goods to match. The Spanish jacket fronts, opening over the plaited vest, give a very jaunty effect, and the skirt with its two full breadths at the back, tucked nearly to the waist, is an exceedingly simple and youthful method of making up light materials for the young. The apron overskirt is full and prettily looped at the sides. A belt of green velvet ribbon, showing satin on one side, is arranged about the waist and finished by a large bow consisting of loops and long ends, which fall gracefully at the side. The neck is finished by a dainty rosette of green velvet ribbon combined with loops of gold braid which brighten it in a tasteful manner. One material may be used throughout, though the effect is better with a combination. Woolens of all varieties, and also silk, satine, seersucker, gingham and lawn, are appropriate for the design. This design is illustrated elsewhere. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



LONDON NEWMARKET.

There is no variety of plain or fancy coating that is not adapted to this style of Newmarket, and it is and excellent design for street wear or for traveling at all seasons of the year, if made in seasonable goods. It is cut with sacque-shaped fronts fitted by darts under the arms, and is quite close-fitting in the back. The fulness in the skirt portion is laid in plaits on the under side. The tailor finish, either rows of stitching or a binding of narrow braid, preferably silk, is the most appropriate for garments of this kind, and this is equal in affect to any garniture that may be added. A medium size will require eight yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

ROUGE.

"I think she rouges," "Well, I don't." "Then let me tell you I know she does, for I've seen her put it on." There was nothing to say after that. It was the testimony of an eye-witness. "You think it unfair of me to tell on her, but she doesn't make much of a secret of it and she is not in the least ashamed. She says that she is growing old and that she regards it as her duty too look as well as she can as long as she lives, and I don't know that I think her so very wrong. If you are getting passe and can rouge so that nobody will suspect it, why not? But that's the greatest thing. It must not be suspected. I know ladies who are not invited to certain houses because they rouge, and some of the very ladies who won't invite them, rouge themselves. But they know how to do it, and the others don't. That's all the difference, but it's a very big difference." "But suppose your cheeks get damp in any way and the rouge comes off." "My dear, you are a thousand years behind the age. The right kind of rouge does not come off. The The belle who is properly rouged could let her lover wet his handkerchief and rub her face all he cared to and her color wouldn't phase."

MARISE SKIRT.

A deep full flounce shirred to form its heading is placed on the lower part of this skirt, and above it in front a prettily draped apron entirely conceals the foundation skirt. The back drapery is laid in triple box plaits and falls considerably over the flounce, and is very stylish and effective, particularly when made in the heavier qualities of dress goods. Nearly all kinds of dress materials can be appropriately made in this manner, and braid, velvet, ribbon, or bands of any kind may be effectively used as a garniture on woolen materials. This is shown elsewhere in combination with the "Faida" mantelet. Fourteen yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required to make this skirt, and seven yards and one quarter of braid will be sufficient to arrange one plain row as illustrated. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

Only ten dollars—no more, sir—
The wages I weekly touch.
For labor steady and sore, sir,
It isn't a deal too much;
Your money has wings in the city,
It vanishes left and right;
But I hand it all to Kitty
As sure as Saturday night;
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

We live in a reeking court, sir,
With roguery, drink and woe;
But Kitty has never a thought, sir,
That isn't as white as snow—
She hasn't a thought or feeling
An angel would blush to meet!
I love to think of her kneeling
And praying for me so sweet;
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

I must be honest and simple,
I must be manly and true,
Or how could I pinch her dimple,
Or gaze in her frank eyes blue?
I feel, not anger, but pity,
When workmates go to the bad;
I say, "They've never a Kitty—
They'd keep on the square if they had."
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

Ah, the day she stood at the altar,
Modest, and white, and still,
And forth from her lips did falter,
That beautiful, low, "I will,"
Our home has been bright and pretty
As ever a poor man's may,
And my soft little dove, my Kitty,
Shall rest in my heart for aye;
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold too me!

$20.00 IN GOLD

GIVEN EVERY WEEK.

The publisher of TRUTH, that well-known, popular and widely circulated 28-page weekly magazine, is giving away TWENTY DOLLARS IN GOLD every week to the person sending him the best joke, short sketch, item, or bit of advice, suitable for publication in his TID-BIT PAGE.

It is his aim to make TRUTH the most interesting and entertaining magazine published in the world, and is certainly not afraid to spend money liberally to secure that end.

Two conditions only are attached to the offer:

1. All persons competing must send ONE TID-BIT only (the one among their collection they think is the best.)

2. Everyone competing must become subscribers to TRUTH for at least three months, for which a half dollar must be enclosed along with the TID-BIT.

The article, or Tid-Bit, need not necessarily be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any pamphlet, book, newspaper, magazine or other periodical, wherever found, and should be pasted or otherwise attached to a sheet of paper on which is written the name and post-office address of the sender. If two or more persons happen to send in the same article, the *first one received* will have the preference if it is considered by the editor as worthy of the prize offered.

The offer is open now and until further notice, and the prize TID-BITS will be published every week on TID-BIT Page in TRUTH.

The name of the sender and address in full will also be published immediately following the article, so that all can see that there is no fraud in the matter.

Address, EDITOR PRIZE TID-BITS, TRUTH Office, Canada."

N. B.—Make all post-office orders, cheques or drafts payable to the publisher, S. FRANK WILSON.

OUR ENGRAVINGS

The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris, London and New York.

The high coiffures adopted for evening toilets are dressed with feathers, jewelled combs, diamond-headed pins, and strings of pearls.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1.—A quaint and coquettish hat for young ladies, being a modification of the fish-wife poke. It is a fancy braid in which green, dark red, and yellow are intermingled. The edge is finished with a narrow frill of lace, and a full plaiting of green velvet is carried across the front and sides, terminating in a pretty twist at the back. A bunch of dainty field flowers, with the foliage in green and brown shades and a few gold leaves interspersed, is arranged high against the crown. This shape can be effectively worn with either a high or medium low coiffure.

No. 2.—This hat is particularly adapted for the young, and it is to be commended for its simplicity and general becomingness. It is a dark-brown straw, with a moderately high crown, and a brim that is slightly rolled all around and faced with brown velvet. A full bow, with many loops and ends of brown velvet ribbon combined with loops of gold-colored velvet, is placed in front, and the loops are secured to the crown in front and at the sides.

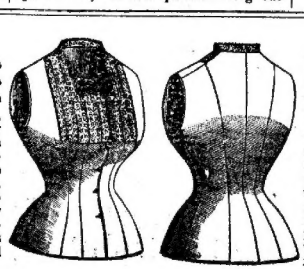
No. 3.—A jaunty shape, composed of alternate braids of black velvet and gold tinsel. In front the brim is turned up and cut in the centre, forming two points; the back is narrow, and the crown is square and not too high. It is trimmed with *etamine* ribbon, on which are black velvet flowers outlined with gold thread. A simple bow is arranged in front, and a shepherd's crook of gold set with Rhine stones is thrust through it, giving a quaint and stylish effect.

No. 4.—An attractive bonnet that will please those of refined taste on account of its marked individuality. The pretty capote is covered with black hand-run Spanish lace, the rose pattern being outlined with gold beads. This is arranged very full over the crown and across the front. A bunch of yellow primroses combined with prettily tinted leaves is secured in front, and the black velvet ribbon strings are intended to tie in a neat bow at the side.

No. 5.—An exceedingly stylish walking hat that can, if desired, be worn a trifle more off the face. It is a Russian braid, in which silver tinsel is most noticeable. The crown is square and moderately high, and the brim is rolled considerably at the right side and faced with black velvet. A band of fancy tinsel braid is placed around the crown, and a *chou*, or cabbage rosette, of *etamine* ribbon in which silver tinsel is interwoven, is placed against the crown, and stiff wings are set in with the loops, giving a youthful and jaunty effect.

THE SHOPPING WOMAN.

There are things more mischievous in a china shop than a bull, and one of them is a woman with a shopping bag. Such an one, looking about for something expensive, costing at least twenty-five cents, recently marched past a counter on which a dozen fruit plates, price sixty dollars, were standing unprotected. The bag was firm; the plates were not, and when the crash came, everybody within hearing jumped. Do you fancy that she apologized? Sweetly and calmly she gazed at the excited beholders, and, said she, "Well, I guess I don't want to buy anything to-day," and walked away.



MARGET CORSET COVER.

An attractive and comfortable style of corset cover, tight-fitting, with two darts in each front, side gores under the arms and side forms in the back carried to the shoulders. It extends sufficiently below the waist line to insure a neat and smooth fit over the hips. The neck is cut in Pompadour shape in front and a larger square is made of embroidery. Lonsdale cambric, muslin, linen or any material suitable for a corset cover can be made in this way and trimmed according to personal fancy. "Kursheedt's Standard" tuckings are especially suitable for trimming such garments. One yard and one-half of goods one yard wide will be sufficient to make a medium size as illustrated. Price of patterns, twenty cents each size.

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS

—IN—

"Ladies' Journal" Bible Competition

NO. 9.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1, Seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold coin. 1, Laura F Thompson, 99 Atwater St., Liverpool, Eng; 2, 3, and 4,—Three Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker. 2, Dora Martin, Belleville, Ont.; 3, J. L. Laing, Rugby, Eng.; 4, Laura Kerr, Rugby, Eng. 5, 6, and 7,—Three Fine Toned Cabinet Organs. 5, D. F. Maxwell, Victoria, B. C.; 6, Lizzie M. Davids, New Westminster, B. C.; 7, Martha Dunn, St. Catherines, Ont. 8, 9, 10, and 11,—Four Ladies Solid Gold Watches. 8, M. Dunstan, Dermac, Eng.; 9, S. S. McKinnon, Dernac, Eng.; 10, Mrs. B. Pew, Thorold, Ont.; 11, M. R. Dunning, Perth, Scotland. 12 to 17,—Six quadruple plate Hot Water or Tea Urns. 12, L. A. Barber, Seattle, Wash. Terr.; 13, M. S. Logan, St. Flour, France; 14, F. R. Bustwig, St. Flour, France; 15, M. Regan, St. Cloud, France; 16, Dorthy, R. Luxton, Brandon, Man.; 17. Annie D. Douglas, Washington Heights, New York. 18 to 30. —Thirteen Elegant Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns. 18, Mrs. T. M. 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Que.; 518, Lettie Macgowan, Grenfell, N.W.T.; 519, W. H. Carpenter, Port Dover, Ont.; 520, Lib Morrison, Beech Tree, Pa.; 521, Mrs. Henry Cox, Prince Edward, Va.; 522, Mrs. Lottie Booth, Concord, Minn.; 523, Hatta C. J. Burwash, Morris P.O., Man.; 524, Peter McDonald, Leggan Farm, Verden P.O., Man.; 525, James Drysdale, Renfrew, Ont.; 526, M. M. Tucker, Orno, Ont.; 527, J. J. Mintey, Port Perry, Ont.; 528, May Johnson, "Teacher," Port Perry, Ont.; 529, Annie Ladd, Port Dover, Ont.; 530, Parker Lowry, Rothsay, Ont.; 531, Alice Kirk, Oban P.O., Ont.; 532, Mrs. Carrie V. Dusenberry, White Cloud, Mich.; 533, Almeda Whiobel, Muchadimock, Iowa; 534, Miles T. Matthews, Box 266, Huntington, W. Va.; 535, Mrs. Jas. Van Evera, Blue Grass, Iowa; 536, Mrs. M. W. Dare, Newark, Mo.; 437, Mary J. Balcom, Nicteaux Falls, N. S.; 538, James H. Powers, Prospect, N. S.; 539, Mrs. Wm. Geddes, Port Elgin, Ont.; 540, Olivia Steinshauer, Deabler, Ohio; 541, Mrs. H. B. McDonald, Cartersville, Mon. Terr.; 542, Mrs. A. A. Dame, Attica, Mich.; 543, Mrs. McConnel, Hull, Quebec; 544, A. A. Scott, Ottawa; 545, A. A. McCosh, Pine River, Ont.; 546, Spencer G.W. wagstaff, Niagara Falls, Ont.; 547, Maggie Graham, Rodney, Ont.; 548, Miss Ada R. Hoyt, Lyndon, Vt.; 549, Dr. H. S. Manchester, Pawlet, Vt.; 550, N. R. Clift, Yearing, Iowa; 551, A. G. Buddington, Austin, Texas; 552, Emily Shnapton, Adams, Mass.; 553, Rachel McElwayn, Kennon, Ohio; 554. Mrs. T. M. Bell, Waverly, Mo.; 555, Mrs. F. Geeger Morton Corners, Ont.; 556, Elmor Roush, Fulton, Iowa; 557, S. M. Bagley, Elkton, Dak.; 558, S. B. Norton, Esbridge, Kan.; 559, Henry Herman, North Lawrence, Kan.; 560, Mrs. Geo. Ferrett, Ridgeway, N. Y.; 561, Mrs. Geo. Crews, Valouse City, W. T.; 562. Mrs. H. Perkens, Manlins, N. Y.; 563, Lyda Michael, Dimpsey, Pa.; 564, Mrs. C. Churchill, Conewango Valley, N. Y.; 565, Dr. G. M. Town, Marsfield, Vt.; 566, Mrs. A. Gage, Marion, N. Y.; 567, Frances Holmes, Nora, Ills.; 568, Mrs. M. 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HOW TO HUNT AT THE POULTRY STORE.

The housekeeper may learn a thing or two from the following advice:—

The old way of testing a fowl's tenderness or toughness, by jerking it at the wing to see whether the skin directly underneat tears or not doesn't amount to much, and moreover, spoils the prepossession of the bird for the next investigator, in case you don't want to buy. General appearances are better to judge by. If a turkey, for instance, is young, the legs will be black and smooth, the eyes lively and the feet flexible. If old the eyes will be sunken and the feet, red and dry. In choosing hens see that their legs and combs are limber, which means that they are young. If the legs and combs are rough and stiff, they are old, but may be good enough for a pie or soup. A young goose will have a yellow bill and limber feet. An old goose will have both bill and feet red and dry. Ducks, if young, will be limber-footed; if fat, hard and thick on the lower part of the body. The same rule applies to wild ducks, whose feet, though, are red, besides being smaller than those of the tame ducks. Game can be just as easily selected, if you know how, which most folks don't. Partridges, for instance, if young, will have black bills and yellow legs; if old, white bills and blue legs. All old fowls, indeed, both domesticated and wild, may likewise be told by their hard, rough or dry feet. Hares and rabbits, if young, will be white and stiff, with ears that will tear like brown paper; if old, the flesh will be dark, the body limber, and the ears tough. The same conditions may be kept in mind in the selection of squirrels, save that the flesh, which is always more or less dark, must be judged by smoothness and firmness as indicating youngness, while the old ones will be limber and flimsy.

SKIRTS.

Each member of the gentler sex lives in a tent. Her skirts make the canvas and she is her own centre-pole. She carries this habitation around with her, except when she steps out of it, to go to bed. She goes to great trouble and expense in embellishing its exterior, and it is usually a handsome structure to look at. But it is nearly devoid comfort for its occupant. But of late years it has generally been too small, so that a long stride could not be taken in it, and often of such arbitrary æsthetic shape that one had to distort herself in order to stay within. At times it is so long that it draggles and wraps intolerably, and at others it is so short that the feet can't be kept under it. This tent-life is not so bad in summer, when even out-door existence is pleasant, but in winter the suffering which it entails is terrible. No matter how thick it may be made, the cold goes under it, chilling the dweller, and nullifying all her efforts to keep warm. Not long ago I met a young girl who was smoothly and apparently comfortably clad in a tailor made suit. She was half frozen to death; but did she look so? No, indeed. She seemed as warm, to a casual observer, as a piece of toast. Her pretty face had a roseate glow, her gait was tremulous as well as springy with abounding health, a smile of solid comfort slightly parted her red lips. And yet I say that she was cold? Yes, all but congealed. Her appearance was deceptive. The color in her face was paint, very cleverly put on, with reference to a blending of its effects with those hues which she knew the weather would produce. The tremor in her walk was a scarcely repressible shiver. The smile had become so chilled that she could hardly have ridded her mouth of it if she had tried. Had it not been for the muff which kept her hands warm, she would have been frozen outright.

The Ladies' Journal.

Devoted to Literature, Fashion, &c.

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OUR PATTERNS.

Any pattern illustrated in these pages can be obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order, please.

HINTS FOR WASHING DISHES.

One of the most wearisome domestic tasks which falls to the housewife doing her own work, is the "never ending, still beginning," washing of dishes. It is often a pleasure to prepare a dainty, palatable meal; a well-earned satisfaction in viewing the work of one's hands in the light, sweet loaves of white or brown bread, the roast flesh or fowl, done to a turn, the perfect cake, quivering custards, etc. But not one of these toothsome viands can be brought to pass without the aid of various pans, spoons, cups, etc., all to be cleaned for, perhaps, immediate use again. They must be washed by hands already weary—for modern invention, fertile as it is, has not yet, to my knowledge, produced an automatic dish washer and drier. It is discouraging, and few things sooner bring the tired housekeeper's spirits down to zero (especially if the mercury has already gone down to that point)than a kitchen table full of sticky, greasy, unwashed dishes greeting her as she rises from breakfast or dinner, in addition to the dishes used upon the family table. A very great help is to wash as you go. Have your pan with hot water and cloth handy on a table, and as fast as you dish articles from the stove or range, wash the cooking vessel. Rinse out frying-pans, kettles, etc., with very hot water to take off the grease. Chain dish-cloths readily take off whatever sticks to the sides of stew-pans or pots, or a common clam shell may answer the same purpose. As nearly all cooking utensils are more easily washed when warm, washing as you go saves time for the dining-room work, after the meal, besides getting the kitchen sooner in order. Keep several thick holders near the stove, to save your hands and towels, in lifting hot kettles and pans. Never take hold of these with the dishcloth, as you wish to keep that important kitchen appliance entirely free from pot-black and grease. By taking some simple precautions the cooking vessels can be washed with almost as much ease as your china service. By having your pan and hot water ready, you may sit down to breakfast or dinner with the sense of relief that the "kitchen things" are out of the way—until next time.

RATHER ROUGH ON THE LADIES.

A highwayman has the line at which he draws a distinction between victims. An old police magistrate who used to be at the armory tells this one:

"A man charged with robbing a citizen on the street was before me. There were two witnesses against him, one the victim and the other a friend who was with him.

"'You met these two citizens on the corner?' I asked the prisoner.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'You attempted to rob one and not the other. Can you tell me why you made a distinction—whether by chance or intentionally or what?'

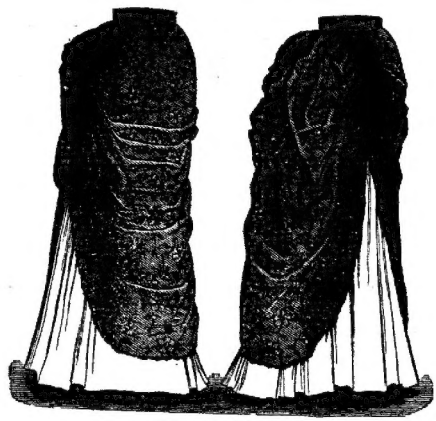
"'I attempted to rob this one,' indicating the victim, 'because I did not know him. The other one I did know. I knew he was a married man.'

"'Ah; quite a considerate fellow for one of your class. You did not care to rob his family?'

"'No, sir, I knew he had nothing. A married man never has.'"

ANATOLIA VISITE.

There is scarcely any variety of cloaking or suit goods that is not adapted to this design, and as it is stylish in effect, and practical in construction, it will be found a most desirable and satisfactory model. The pointed front pieces are somewhat longer than the back, and are fitted by a single dart in each. The sleeves are set in with a moderately high effect at the shoulders, and the back pieces terminate a little below the waist line. Velvet, silk and many kinds of suit goods can be suitably made in this way, and the garniture should be selected to accord with the material used. A medium size will require three yards and one-eighth of goods twenty-four inches wide. Four yards and one-quarter of flat trimming will be sufficient to arrange as illustrated. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty-five cents each.



LISKA OVERSKIRT.

This style of overskirt is unusually attractive when made up in light woolen goods, grenadines, buntings, and the different varieties of dress goods that drape handsomely. The front is full and prettily wrinkled, and the sides are looped high The edges of the front and back draperies are reversed, and when the revers are faced with an appropriate contrasting material they form a stylish and dressy finish to the whole. The back is moderately bouffant and falls nearly to the bottom of the skirt. The ingenious though simple style of drapery and the contrast produced by the facing make this a particularly pleasing and desirable model. This overskirt is shown on the plate of "Spring Costumes" in combination with the "Cleora" jacket. Five yards and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide will be sufficient for the overskirt, and one yard and a half of velvet will face the revers as illustrated. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

A PRETTY ROOM.

Young ladies are now decorating their bed-rooms in artistic fashion. A room furnished in tones of blue, pink and gold has walls of palest blue and gold, with a very faint suspicion of pink in the deep frieze. The curtains are sheer with great sprays of blue cornflowers worked in Kensington on the lower part, while long loops of pale blue and pink ribbon form a balance of color in the middle of the rods. Queen Anne darning ornaments the bureau scarf—wild roses with rich, dark leaves The pin cushion, shaped like a meal bag, and about the same color, is tied at the end by blue satin ribbon. The blue plush curtain in front of the book-shelves has an old gold band prettily embroidered in feather stitch. The splasher over the washstand is a relief from the usual "morning dip," and "wash and be clean" affairs that have so long insulted us, it is nothing more nor less than a large mirror with a hammered brass frame. Just over the mirror, on a bracket of blue plush, stands a little white marble statuette. A gilt wicker chair is run with pale pink ribbons, and near by it stands a little pine table, covered with a pale blue flannel cover, embroidered in daisies. The wall, from the mantel shelf up, is covered with blue canton flannel, studded around the edges with brass-headed nails. On this background are hung the trophies of two seasons—a cane, a birch bark cannon, a few photographs, a baby owl, perched on a gold crescent, and innumerable german favors. Another room is similarly furnished in pale pink and seafoam green.

GLAZE.

Take four pounds of leg of beef, four pounds of knuckle of veal, and one pound of lean ham; cut them into small pieces and put them into a stock pot, with about two quarts of cold water—enough to cover the meat; let it come gradually to a boil, skim carefully, occasionally adding a dash of cold water; when clear boil it for eight hours more and then strain it through a sieve into a pan. Remove the fat when cold. Pour it into a stewpan—be careful not to let the sediment go in—with one ounce of whole black pepper, half an ounce of salt, and boil it over a clear fire, leaving the pan uncovered; skim, and when reduced to one quart strain it through a tammy into another stewpan; then let it simmer till, on taking out some with a spoon and allowing it to cool, it will set into a jelley; great care is required to keep it from burning. It should be kept in earthenware pots, and, when required for use, melted by putting the pots into saucepans of boiling water. To glaze the ham and tongue, wash them over with the melted glaze, using a brush kept for that purpose.

THE INTUITIONAL SENSE IN WOMEN.

The wit of women has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your mother, or sister, and be assured that light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs, No philosophical student of the sex thus adjudges them. Their intuition, or insight, is the most subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counseling one to tell his trouble to his wife, we would go further, and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune relieved by man's full confidence in his better half. Woman is far more a seer and prophet than man if she be given a chance.

The so-called tailor-made suits of the incoming season lack the charm of simplicity that attached to the Puritan-like garments of the past.

It is said that for summer wear light fabrics will be made, with corsages pleated on the shoulders, crossed in front and belted at the waist, the sash or belt having long ends.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

It is one of the remarkable caprices of trade and fashion, that the present season's exhibit of dress goods has been designed upon what may be called, for lack of a better name, a wool basis. That is, instead of taking silk colors and silk effects as the guide for the coming season's materials, designers have taken wool colors and wool effects, and have so designed and made, as far as possible, even the richest and most elegant goods.

We are promised most emphatically "a wool season." Silks and velvets are secondary considerations in general wear. Of course many rich silks, satins and velvets will be worn, but for daily use, for the street, for home wear, for informal gatherings, and more especially for the seashore and watering-place, the exquisite qualities of veilings, albatross woolens, Spanish grenadines, bison cloths, flannels, canvas cloths, and light suitings will take precedence over all other materials. Very rich and elegant fabrics are more appropriately used for state occasions, and it is good taste as well as good sense to confine them, especially the heaviest and most costly, to such uses. Parisians, who probably devote more time to the study of the fine art of dress than any other women in the world, rarely appear on the street in other than wool dresses. They keep their silks for finer occasions, and usually take much better care of them than we do.

The popular colors for spring wear will be light browns, beige, the various grays, myrtle greens, sage greens, a couple of shades of dull red, and medium grayish blues not too light. Black will be almost arbitrary for street wear with the best class of trade and it is confidently asserted that more wool goods and tailor-made suits will be worn than ever before in the history of American fashions.

Combinations in all classes of goods will be the rule, from the pretty Scotch gingham with embroidered and plain goods, to the richest brocaded or flowered velvet and satin duchesse. The general tendency seems to be to make plain skirts and flowing draperies of figured goods and leave the plain for the waist and sleeves, which are more cut up. This will save us from the distress of seeing large figures mismatched, and even turned wrong side up, as has been done by careless dressmakers.

Cloaks and wraps have very pretty and desirable materials awaiting their making up. There are gold and silver tinsels on blue, gray, or black grounds; Astrakhan bourettes and tufted bison cloths, exquisite in effect and not specially expensive, and scores of brocaded materials in silk, wool and mixtures. All very stylish and desirable.

Cotton goods are running a very successful rivalry with wool fabrics in point of beauty, and certainly have the advantage of them in cheapness. The new satines are wonderfully attractive, and the exhibit far surpasses anything ever shown before. There are the prettiest crape-finished cotton goods, dainty armure-woven materials with bunches and sprays of flowers and leaves, a new cotton fabric known as *toile de Jersey*, and a material with a crinkled surface called Kensington crape, which is very pretty and will make some charming combinations. Then their are the loveliest batistes and linens for warm days, especially for the South, where the first hot weather comes so early. The Scotch ginghams for more northerly use are almost as pretty as summer silks. They come in very fine checks, pin stripes and a sort of *chine* effect, and, stylishly made, could not, at a little distance, be distinguished from silk goods. One of the specialties of a leading importing house is figured linens, and the trade in them is immense.

There are indications of even greater demands for lace goods than heretofore. Just how this can be it is difficult to imagine, as the limit appeared to be almost reached last season; but importers tell us that their orders for lace will exceed those of last year by at least one third. Black hand-run Spanish, a few fine Escurials, and real Chantilly will be especially desirable. Wool Medici lace will be one of the most popular garnitures and will trim cashmere and all-wool fabrics in both white and colors, and we are promised a revival of the old-time Llama lace; so that ladies who have choice pieces of this fabric laid aside may keep them carefully, provided they are secure against dampness and moths, certain of being in possession of a most desirable novelty before very long. But moths delight in Llama lace and wet rots the fiber, so they must be kept from these two enemies.

Embroidery will be lavishly used on all material where this exquisite garniture can be employed, Pongees are almost covered with it. There are yards and yards of rich "all-over" goods with deep flouncing to match, and embroidered suits without limit.

The present season's passementeries and beaded trimmings promise to rival all their predecessors in richness and variety. Cashmere colors, iridescent tints, and all the hues of the rainbow are seen in the new designs. Very rich and elegant trimmings will be worn, braid, tape, and fancy galloon fringes, and combinations of silk and beads in almost endless variety.

Very dressy and abundant neckwear is predicted by some authorities, but it will doubtless resolve itself into outside wear in the way of shoulder shawls, lace piazza wraps, and promenade scarfs that may be thrown off, rather than such elaborate styles in collarettes or fichus as are a permanent portion of the toilet. There is every indication, however, that snug dog-collars of beads, close fitting, full-ruched fichus of black beaded lace, and some, but not many, passementerie and chenille combinations will be used. There will be no arbitrary fashion in these matters, as there are many ladies to whom elaborate neck-dressing is positively disfiguring. If a plain linen coil is most becoming, wear it by all means. If it be a ruche of *crepe lisse*, that is the most desirable, and no caprice of fashion should cause a lady to wear anything that is unbecoming.

Jewelry for street wear is limited to a few simple ornaments. Ear-rings are said to be going out of fashion, but this is doubtless an evanescent notion, as they have been too long a standard item of dress for ladies to abandon them by any dictate of fashion. Bangle bracelets are declining in popularity and flexible bracelets seem to have the preference. It is the opinion of the best authorities that we are on the eve of a revolution in fashions in jewelry, and the present is the calm that precedes the storm. Pearls are by far the most fashionable of all of the gems at present, and their remarkable increase in value has been a surprise to those who have not kept pace with the subject. A leading house not long since sold a very choice string of pearls, and when, some time later, it became desirable for the owner to part with them, they were bought back over the same counter for over fifty per cent. advance on their original price.

Spring millinery has some rather marked features. The shapes are more pronounced than for years. Hats are very high and fairly bristle with trimmings. Everything about them has a sort of aggressive look, as though they were aware of their queerness but intended to stand their ground "for a' that." There is an endless variety of trimming material used, in most cases shot or woven or stamped with gold in some form or shape.

There are long, heavy scarfs that are used for hat trimmings, and others of the lightest, filmsiest gauzes. There are heavy gold laces and braids, and tinsels so fine that they scarcely seem to have any weight at all. There are most exquisite ornaments and the gayest of feathers. Very large masses of flowers may be used and wide laces plaited and standing upright will surround them. Ties for bonnets are almost altogether abandoned in Paris, we are told, and if they have been omitted in winter they will hardly be revived for summer. Straws come in various fancy colors, indeed almost any dress fabric could be matched in braids, and they are so perfectly tinted that they are really beautiful. The English straws in standard colors will be preferred for early wear, and the various colored scarfs with a profusion of small pins will trim them. As many as fifty pins are sometimes seen on a single hat.

Few variations in shapes of bonnets are presented. There are the small, snug, poke bonnets and the well-known close shapes, varied by crowns with odd angles and eccentric braidings. Soft crowns of the almost countless materials will be very popular. A novelty has a slightly rolled brim, of maroon velvet, and the entire top and sides covered by a large, square canvas handkerchief printed in dull colors and gold. This is pinned on by a score or two of little pins, and there is no other trimming whatever. It is exceedingly pretty and stylish. There are novelties in the way of bonnets that are reversible, and one may wear them "wrong side to," which may make them convenient if one wishes to dress in haste and without a mirror. The trimmings are set very high, and all the flowers are sustained by stalks that wave and swing with every motion of the wearer.

Ribbons are very wide, six to eight inches not being considered unusual, while some of the scarfs are nearly two yards long and at least half a yard wide. Wool Medici laces with gold threads running through them, also gold block-work and leaves and sprays of tinsel will be exceptionally popular for millinery purposes, as will also all styles of hand-run Spanish and Escurial laces in edgings and net. Black and gold will be extensively used, also gold and cardinal, gold and green and indeed in all possible combinations. Many gold-net crowns are shown in the spring importations. Feathers will be in fair request for early spring use, but will doubtless give way to flowers later in the season, although short ostrich plumes will trim some of the tall hats so effectively that they will no doubt be retained by ladies who can carry them well. As general trimming they will not be prominent, but clusters of short tips will be seen on very many stylish spring hats intermixed with the new ribbons, flowers and laces; and millinery ornaments will be used in the greatest profusion and are unusually attractive. They come in all sorts of odd designs, long pins, short pins, and insects of every imaginable description.

Tournures are almost monstrosities, so pronounced have they become, and the most discouraging feature of the case is that they are still increasing. There are very short postilion basques to wear with them, and long, flowing draperies with very little looping. High-shouldered effects continue popular, and are so especially becoming to many ladies that they are not likely to be abandoned very soon. Gloves have few new suggestions as far as kid gloves are concerned, but in silk gloves there are some very elegant novelties promised.

A general review of spring styles shows a good deal of delicate, clear color, very elegant goods, unprecedentedly low prices, and while there are comparatively few striking novelties, there are a great number of charming and delightful modifications of existing styles and a sufficient suggestion of "newness" to make them very pleasing and acceptable.

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Five dollars will be given away each week to the person sending us the best SCRAPS which, in the judgment of the Editors, will be thought suitable for publication on this page. The right to publish any or all of the SCRAPS is reserved. No conditions whatever are attached to this offer; any regular subscriber to the LADIES' JOURNAL may compete. The articles may be selected from any book, newspaper, or any other publication, or may be the work of the sender.

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CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester N. Y.*

There is a rage for matching all parts of a dress and all its accessories in Paris.

Broken down conditions of the system that require a prompt and permanent tonic to build up the blood and restore failing vitality will be benefitted at once by Burdock Blood Bitters.

The low catagon coiffure rivals the Lady Teazle with its towering mass of puffs and curls.

"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for attacks of bilious headache, and it always gives immediate relief," says J. White, flour and feed merchant, Riverside, Toronto.

Bodices, pointed back and front and quite long in the waist, are features in spring costumes.

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

Changeable Surahs are combined with velvet broche Surahs in dressy toilets for spring and summer.

Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, and similar troubles will not linger with you if your blood is pure, if it is not, we would recommend you to take Burdock Blood Bitters at once.

What a queer fashion is that which makes French women wear black Surah chemises when traveling.

"Has given the most unqualified satisfaction in this section," writes John R. Dale, druggist, Wyoming, of the great blood purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Waists grow longer, basques shorter, collars higher, skirts fuller, hats and coiffures higher, dress less artistic.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

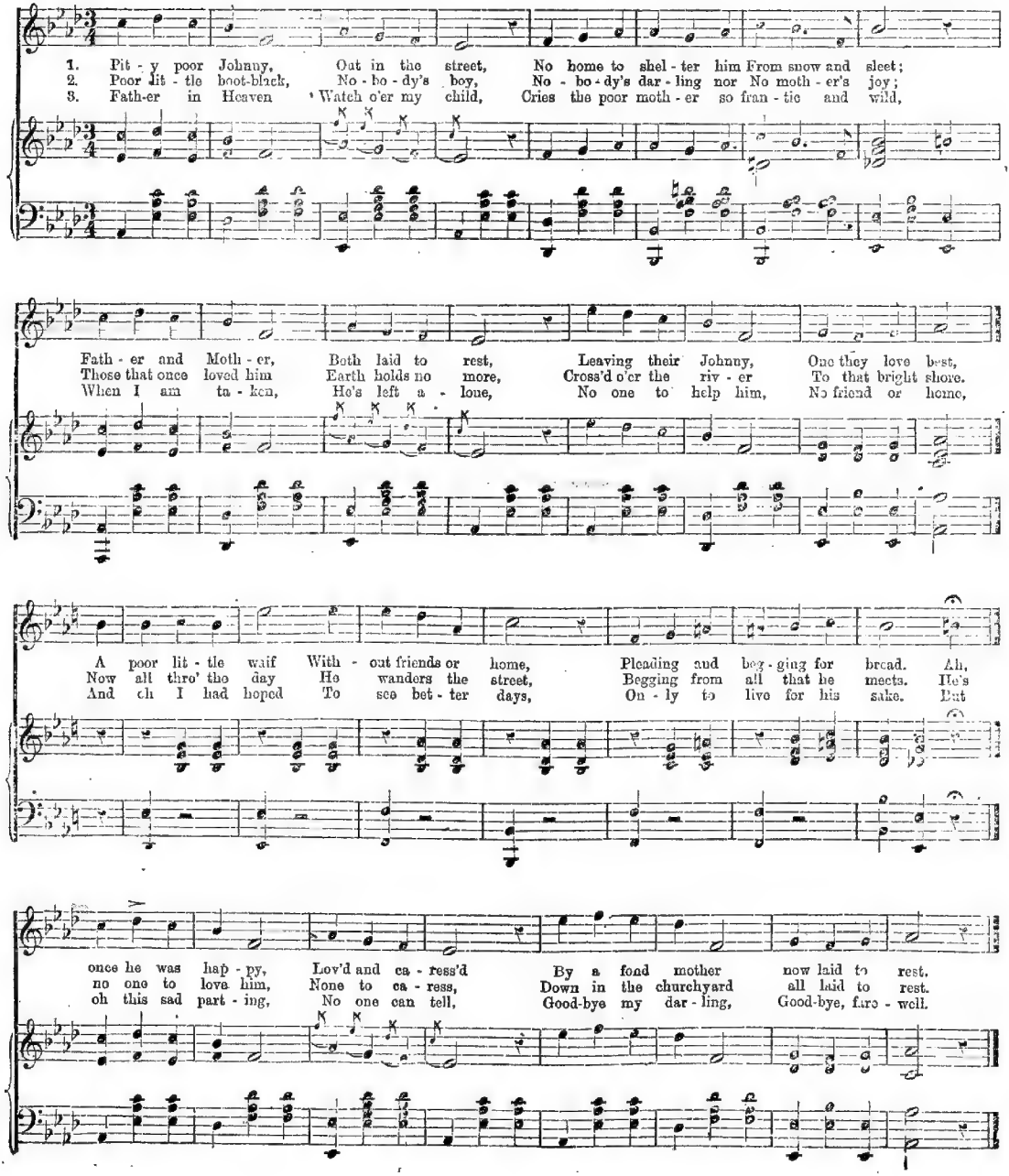
New coaching parasols have gilded frames with twenty-four ribs, and are in the shape of Japanese umbrellas.

When exhausted by physical or mental labor or by any weakening drain upon the system restore nervous tranquility and lost vitality by Burdock Blood Bitters.

The latest fancy in short petticoats, to be worn only in the coldest weather and in the street, is to make them of satin or alpaca and line them with chamois.

POOR LITTLE JOHNNY.

By C. A. WHITE.



OUR PRIZE STORY.

A Lady's Fine gold watch is given every month to the person sending the best short selected or original story, suitable for publication in this department The only conditions are that the story must not exceed five of these columns in length, and that each one sent must be accompanied by a half dollar for one year's subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL. Every one competing must send the fifty cents. Those already subscribers will have their term extended, or the JOURNAL will be sent to any other address desired.

The following has been selected by the Editors as the best one among those received, and the sender will have the GOLD WATCH sent on receipt of twenty-five cents to pay postage and packing.

SUE EVERET'S SEALSKIN CLOAK.

SENT BY REV. CHAS. E. STAFFORD, PALMERSTON, ONT.

"Papa Everet." The speaker was a gypsy-looking little maiden of seventeen, curled carelessly on an ottoman at the feet of the gentleman thus addressed; but careless as was the attitude, any one who knew Belle Everet's eyes could see at a glance that she had some deep-laid scheme in hand.

"Papa Everet," who was running over the evening paper, did not answer at once. He was tall and somewhat portly, with a high white forehead whose apparent height was considerably increased by a sad deficiency of hair on the top of his head—a deficiency which he laughingly declared was all owing to having such a tease for a daughter; but in spite of this pathetic baldness he looked like one to whom life was more of a pleasure than a burden—as a man with a good digestion, a comfortable income and a clear conscience has a perfect right to look. Presently he threw aside the paper and leaned toward the little figure at his feet.

"Well, what now, Puss?" he asked, with a finger under her dimpled chin.

"Something very important, papa, that I want to ask your advice about," she said, turning up her pretty face with the look of a saucy canary; "you know our sealskin caps—Sue's and mine? Well, haven't I often heard you say, papa Everet, that a lady ought always to dress in good taste? And don't you think it is very bad taste to be wearing sealskin caps with beaver cloth cloaks? Specially when sealskin cloaks are all the style."

"O, ho!" said papa Everet, "so that's what you've been beating round Robin Hood's barn for, eh? Why, mercy on me, child! don't you know it will take two hundred dollars out of my pocket as clean as a whistle!"

"Is that all?" said Belle innocently, "why, I thought it would take as much as two hundred and fifty at the least."

"Two hundred is a good round sum to pay out for cloaks in times like these, chicken. And before the winter is over you will be wanting another hundred between you, I suppose, for dresses and fancy fixings."

"Not if we have the cloaks," said Belle quickly, not thinking it worth while to mention the fact that a new suit for each of them had just come home from the dressmaker's; "we can get along very well for dresses, but the cloaks—why, papa Everet, you know yourself you wouldn't want to see your girlies in those shabby old things that we wore all last winter!"

"I see I may as well surrender at once," said Papa Everet, making a note in his memorandum book, "I expect to go to town to-morrow, and I'll take a look at the sealskins."

"You are just the dearest old papa in the world," cried Belle, patting his knee, while Sue, who was always content to have Belle do the coaxing, came softly behind him and laid her cheek on his bald crown.

"Just listen to this a moment girls!" exclaimed Tom, a wide-awake-looking boy of fifteen, who had taken up the discarded evening paper and become apparently too much absorbed in its contents to pay any attention to the conversation. The girls turned toward him expecting to hear some startling bit of news, and were half disappointed to hear instead an appeal for help for the city poor.

"That's the same old story we've heard for years," said Cousin Julia, a distant relative who for a time was making her home with them, "the papers rehearse it every winter as if it were entirely new. Poor people are one of the necessary evils in all large cities, and no matter how much money is expended the number never seems to lessen."

Tom, having politely waited for the young lady to finish her remarks, went on with another paragraph.

"Do stop, Tom, if you can't read us anything more cheerful," cried Belle, impatiently, "I believe the newspapers try to make out anything of it at kind twice as bad as it really is."

"I don't know about that, sis," said Tom, "there are at least a dozen men out of employment right here in Glenport. I saw one of them this afternoon in at Bidlow's trying to get trusted for a sack of flour, and I wish you could have seen the poor fellow's face when Mr. Bidlow pointed to the notice over the door and said, 'Terms cash, sir.'"

"I shouldn't think Mr. Bidlow would insist on a man's paying cash in such a case," said tender-hearted Sue.

"I just wish I could be in his shoes for about a week," said Tom, "I rather think there'd be some trusting done."

"I'm afraid my boy, you wouldn't make a very successful merchant if you went on that principle," laughed Papa Everet.

"Tom Everet!" exclaimed Belle, starting up elated with having made a discovery, "I know now what became of that five-dollar bill that you were going to buy skates with and didn't. To think of your *flouring* out in that way!"

"Well, what of it?" said Tom, blushing at Belle's pun as if detected in a crime; "you don't think I was going to stand still and see the poor fellow go home to his family with nothing for them to eat when I had a V in my pocket! Not much!" And having delivered himself of this bit of boyish slang, Tom returned to his newspaper.

"Blessed old boy," whispered Sue, leaning over his shoulder, and reading with him to the end of the column. "O, Tom, isn't it dreadful?" she said, with tears in her eyes—then she sat very quiet for a moment with her cheek in her hand.

"Papa," she said presently, seating herself on the arm of his chair, "if I wear my beaver-cloth cloak this winter will you let me have the money just the same to use for something else? I don't think sealskins are a bit becoming."

"Just as you please, little woman," said her father, "if Belle has her sealskin you shall have the price of it in greenbacks." Sue's eyes sparkled, but Belle's opened in wide amazement.

"Nonsense, child!" said Cousin Julia, divining what was in Sue's mind, "if you are going into anything of that sort you may as well put on sackcloth to begin with." But before Sue could answer, Mamma and aunt Bess, coming in from shopping, turned the talk into another channel.

Glenport was a quiet old seaport town, some fifty miles or more from the metropolis Being a favorite resort of lovers of the ocean, there was no lack of life and gayety during the summer, but usually by the middle of September the exodus began, and for the next eight months the inhabitants were thrown upon their own resources for entertainment. As in most eastern villages, there was a lamentable lack of young men, but girls of all ages were as plentiful as strawberries in June—bright, sweet, intelligent girls, the majority of them, as you will find anywhere under the sun, and the very fact of their fitness for society made it doubly hard for them to endure the monotony of Glenport winters.

"It's the dullest old place in the universe," sighed Belle the morning after the talk about sealskin cloaks; "no parties, nor concerts, nor anything else to make the time pass pleasantly." And cousin Julia took up the lament and found so much fault with poor Glenport that Belle was filled anew with commiseration for herself and all the other fair maidens who were fated to "waste their sweetness" on its salty air.

"My dear young friends," said aunt Bess, who had listened to the conversation with a queer little smile in her eyes, "you are bemoaning the lack of society; why not go to work and make a society of your own? A Mutual Improvement Society would be an excellent idea; but better still in these hard times would be a society for the benefit of the poor. Here are thirty or forty girls with nothing special to occupy them. Only think what an amount of good they might accomplish if they sat about it in the right way."

"But sewing societies are such stupid affairs," objected Belle.

"Not necessarily," said aunt Bess, "after the work is distributed you can have a story or a poem read aloud, and in the evening you can have games and music."

"That might do very well if there were any gentlemen to see us home," said Belle, who was quite willing to be benevolent provided some personal good were likely to result.

"Oh, as for that," laughed aunt Bess, "enough of the girls have younger brothers who would gladly drop in of an evening. They are not quite so companionable, to be sure, as they might be five or six years hence, but they do very well for escorts, and the companionship of those older than themselves will help to make them gentlemen."

"Aunt Bess, I've just thought of something!" cried Sue, looking up from a sheet of paper lined with figures, and running her pencil behind her ear—for Papa Everet had slipped a hundred-dollar check into her hand before starting for the city that morning, and ever since she had been puzzling her brain how best to dispose of her riches. "Now please don't laugh, Belle! Mamma and I have been talking it over, and she thinks it would be a good plan for me to invest a part of my 'poor fund' in calico and flannel for the 'Home of the Friendless,' and wouldn't it be splendid if we could get the girls together and have all the cloth made up before sending it?"

Just then Clara King and Kate Stuart, with their skates on their arms, stopped in to see if any of them would go with them to the pond, and Sue improved the opportunity to unfold her plan. "A friend of the cause promises to keep us supplied with materials," she said, stooping over the fire to hide her blushes.

"Is it to be a union society?" asked Kate Stuart, who belonged to a "sister church."

"Yes, indeed!" said Sue, "all who can sew will be welcome, no matter to what denomination they belong."

"Why not organize at once?" said aunt Bess; "there are enough of you here to constitute an executive committee."

"Farewell to skating then," laughed Kate.

"Business before pleasure," quoted Clara, and putting their heads together they soon had everything satisfactorily arranged.

"The sooner we begin, the better," said Sue, thinking of the shivering little ones in the great city, "and if we can drum up enough recruits on so short notice, I think it will be a good plan to meet here to-morrow afternoon."

The visitors heartily agreed to this proposition, and as soon as the girls were ready the whole party, with the exception of Cousin Julia, who begged to be excused from any such enterprise, started out to circulate the notice and buy materials to begin on, while Mamma Everet and aunt Bess at once had their sewing-machines moved into the sitting-room and put into running order. And so it happened that when Papa Everet came home from the city the next afternoon, he found the house swarming with girls.

"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed, as he shook hands with one and another, "if I were a young man I should feel a little flattered to have such a reception as this after a two days' absence." But when he saw the piles of red flannel and heard the click of the sewing-machines he dropped his jesting tone. "Now that's sensible be said "If you could have seen what I've seen to day your fingers would fly faster still." And then he described to them two or three places he had visited to see for himself whether or not the newspapers were telling the truth. "And the half has not been told," he said, pulling out his handkerchief and pretending to have a cold in the head—and some way the cold seemed to be contagious, for there was flutter of white handkerchiefs all over the room for a moment, and then the needles and sewing machines began again with new energy Even Belle, who at first sight of her father had thought only of her sealskin cloak, forgot for the time everything but the poor sufferers, and surreptitiously brushed away a tear as she went over her basting. Indeed, so enthusiastic were they all that they would gladly have gone to sewing again after tea; but as Mr. Everet insisted that they had done work enough for one day, they resigned themselves to recreation with clear consciences. Tom had taken it upon himself to invite all his boy friends, and the executive committee had enlisted every young man in the township. Even Deacon Jones, a bashful bachelor of fifty, had been persuaded to attend, and with him, to the delight of the girls, came his young friend, Dr. Mallory, from Meadowport, six miles down the shore. So, after all, there was a very fair proportion of "the sterner sex," and a general feeling of satisfaction.

There was one part of the programme that had been omitted in the afternoon, and that was the reading, every one having been too busy to think of it; but in the evening, after an hour had been spent in merry-making, Aunt Bess red aloud the "Vision of Sir Launfal," and as they listened the wondrous "vision unfolded itself to their youthful minds with a new meaning—and when at the close Kate Stuart passed round Deacon Jone's white beaver for contributions, dimes and quarters rattled into it in a way that threatened destruction to its somewhat ancient crown.

"I didn't get your cloak, after all, pet," said Papa Everet, as the last of the guests took leave, "these sortment was rather low, and as they were expecting a new lot in a day or two, I thought I'd wait." Belle listened to this announcement so soberly that Papa Everet reproached himself for disappointing her. "Never mind. I shall be going in again next week, and then we'll make it all right," he said, consolingly—and without a word Belle kissed him good-night and went to her room. She *had* set her heart on having the cloak, and on having it that night, but she said nothing to any one about being disappointed. As for Sue, she was half beside herself at the success of her plan, and as she folded the finished garments she could hardly keep from hugging them.

"Now we must have some good large packing boxes," she said the next morning to Tom, who was always her "right-hand man." But Tom for once objected.

"Charity begins at home," he said, "and I don't think it will be fair to go sending off clothing to the city before the poor people here are supplied. The Scranton children, Sue, are actually in tatters. Poor Billy came to school one of the coldest days last week in a pair of his mother's old shoes so broken that his bare toes showed. One of the boys gave him a pair of boots, but he needs a whole new suit."

"And I can guess easily who that boy is," laughed Sue, as the tell-tale blood rushed into Tom's face.

"Well, you needn't tell on a fellow, if you can. Mother said I might. Why, Sue, it's enough to make everybody feel like giving away all their extra clothes to see how some folks have to go this winter. There's old Peleg Frost comes three miles every Sunday to church, rain or shine, without a sign of an overcoat, and poor little Ben Jarvis has nothing warmer to wear to school than his calico frock and panties.'

"Well, I must say," exclaimed Cousin Julia, who with Belle had come in while Tom was speaking, "I never saw your equal, bub, for hunting up the needy. You seem to be a self-commissioned inspector of the poor."

"One doesn't have to do much hunting,' said Tom, bridling a little at being called "bub;" "if you keep your eyes open you would see for yourself."

"It isn't every one has the gift for that

sort of seeing," said Sue, as she jotted down the cases Tom had mentioned, "and I hope, dear, you will keep on reporting to us."

"We'll garter you knight-errant for the rescue of all the needy ones in Glenport, Tom," said Belle, merrily. Her own sympathies, in fact, were more thoroughly enlisted than she had hitherto been willing to own, being somewhat in awe of Cousin Julia's sarcasm; but the new thoughts were gradually crystalizing, and that night, seated on Papa Everet's knee, she whispered to him that she had concluded not to have a sealskin cloak. Sue and she had always dressed alike, she said, and if Sue was not going to have one neither would she.

"But I suppose you mean to fleece me of the money just the same," said Papa Everet.

"Yes, indeed, to the last penny," laughed Belle. And Papa Everet meekly signed another hundred dollar check, and asked no questions.

"You are the two sillest little geese I ever saw," said cousin Julia, contemptuously; "the idea of losing a chance like that for the sake of a parcel of beggars!"

The familiar text beginning "Inasmuch" was on the tip of Belle's tongue, but feeling that without Sue's example she would never have been capable of such self-sacrifice she kept silent. That it was a sacrifice she could not deny; and when the next day Dr. Mallory drove up in his handsome cutter and asked them to ride, she could not repress a feeling of regret that she had nothmore stylish to wear than her last winter's beaver cloth. But when Peleg Frost met them, buttoned to the chin in his warm new overcoat, the regret took wing.

Neither Sue nor Belle had any intention of publishing the story of their self-denial, but in some way it crept out and others caught the enthusiasm Not many, it is true, had the privilege of denying themselves anything so valuable as a sealskin cloak, but in dresses, ribbons and gloves they heroically economized to the amount of many a dollar and the "Union Relief Society" thus generously sustained, soon had a firm footing. It was wonderful the amount of good it accomplished. Little Ben Jarvis had an entire new suit; the young Scrantons had each a warm outfit, and Peleg Frost was not the only poor man who was made happy with an overcoat; and when all home demands had received attention, box after box was shipped to the city. "You will never know till the Last Day how many hearts you are gladdening," wrote the matron of one of the orphan asylums that had been the recipient of their bounty; but best of all, perhaps, was the blessing it brought to the happy workers themselves.

"Glenport is like another place," said Kate Stuart, "if we ever find it dull again we shall know it is our own fault."

That Cousin Julia, curling her lip in disdain at the idea of "sewing for beggars," should altogether miss the blessing wasn't in the least to be wondered at.

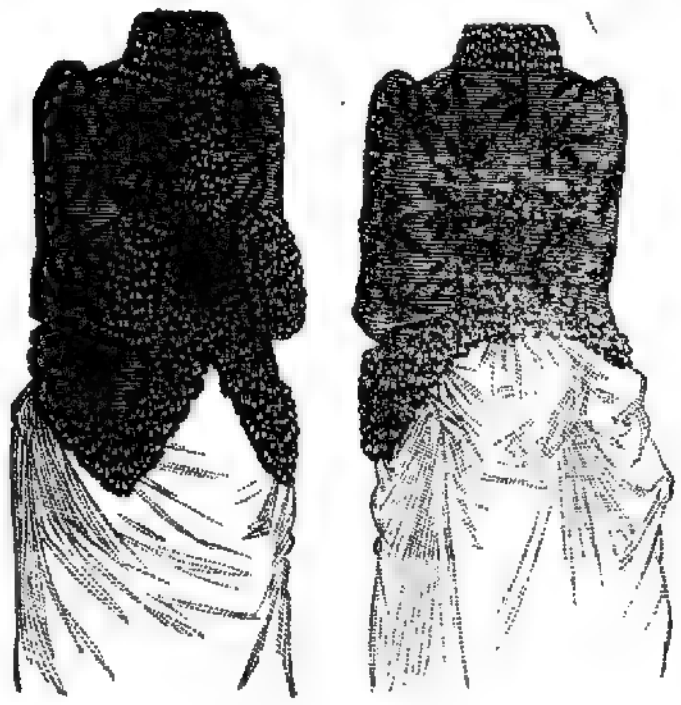
"It is a bitter winter we have had," she said coming in shivering from a walk one day.

"Is it? Why, I thought it was unusually mild," said Belle mischievously. "I've hardly shivered once, and I believe its all owing to those sealskin cloaks. I never know anything like them for keeping the cold out.

THE END.

NOTICE TO PRIZE WINNERS.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize winners omit to send the amount required for postage or packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows:—sewing machines, $2 00; guns and tea-services, $1 50; baby-carriages and clocks, 50 cents; dress-goods 30 cents; watches, 25 cents; books, spoons, and handkerchiefs, 12 cents; butter knives and pickle forks, 6 cents.



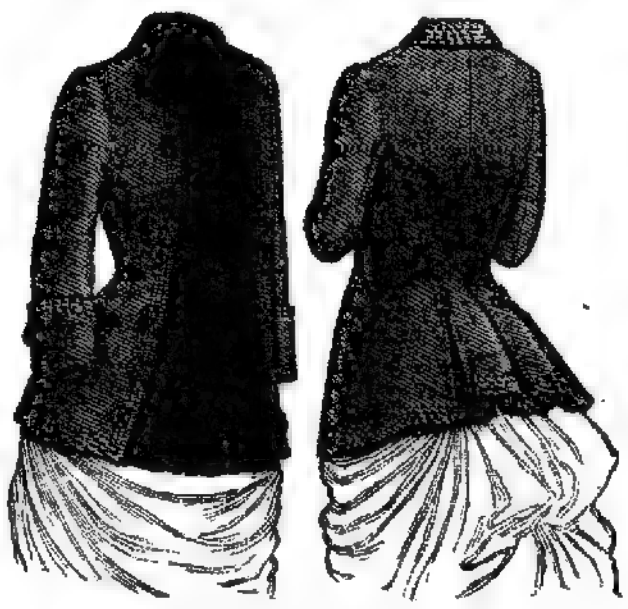
ANATOLIA VISITE.

This remarkably stylish wrap is somewhat longer in front than in the back, the front pieces terminating in pointed shape considerably below the waist line. The material used is brocaded satin, the ground being a dark bronze shade over which are strewn brown velvet flowers that have centers matching the satin ground. The fringe is composed of brown chenille loops interspersed with bronze silk tassels.

The pretty poke hat worn with this is a bronze colored straw, faced with brown velvet, and trimmed with brown grenadine ribbon with gold threads inwrought, which is brought round the crown and arranged at one side in a bow with numerous loops. An aigrette and brown ostrich feathers dusted with gold complete the trimming. Cloth, velvet and suit goods that are desirable for wraps can be made in this way, and when suitably trimmed the result is always satisfactory. The quantity of material and trimming required for a medium size is stated in connection with the double illustration given elsewhere. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FAIDA MANTELET.

A jaunty wrap, that may complete a tailor-made costume or be worn independently with any suit. The fronts, which are square and considerably longer than the back pieces, are fitted by a single dart in each, the shoulder pieces are set in with a slight fulness laid in a plaid at the top, and the back terminates in postilion plaits below the waist line. Braid arranged plainly or fancifully, or rows of machine stitching, will be the most suitable garniture for cloth wraps or those made of suitings. The design is also good for silk and thin fabrics, and for these a full trimming of lace, fringe and jet will be most suitable. The back view of this garment is illustrated in combination with the "Marise" skirt on the plate of "Spring Costumes." A medium size will require two yards and five-eighths of goods twenty-four inches wide, or one yard and one-half of forty-eight inches wide. Three yards and three-quarters of any flat trimming will be sufficient to arrange one row where illustrated. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



CLEORA JACKET.

This stylish jacket is a model that is suitable for all seasons of the year. The outer fronts are cut away from the neck to the lower edge, displaying to advantage the loose vest underneath. The back is shorter than the front, and has additional fullness below the waist which is laid in plaits on the inside. Machine stitching and buttons arranged as illustrated form a simple and pretty finish, although any garniture considered suitable is permissible. Suit goods and light-weight cloths of all kinds may be selected for this design, and in some instances the vest will be effective when made of a contrasting material. This design is shown on the plate of "Spring Costumes" in combination with the "Liska" overskirt. A medium size will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or one yard and one-half of forty-eight inches wide. Seven-eighths of a yard of contrasting material twenty-four inches wide will be sufficient to make the vest. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

ETTA DRESS.

Daintiness and simplicity are the characteristics of this design, which is particularly effective when made in white goods. The sacque shaped blouse is gathered in the front and back, and when the trimming is arranged as illustrated the effect of a yoke is given. A deep flounce of embroidery and a narrow ruffle of the material trim the skirt portion. The sash may be of ribbon, silk or the dress goods. The design is adapted to any of the materials usually selected for the dresses of growing children, and the garniture may be embroidery or whatever corresponds with the goods chosen. The size for six years will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide to make this dress. Two yards and one-half of wide embroidery and two yards and one-quarter of the narrow width will be sufficient to trim as illustrated. If the sash is made of material, one yard and one-quarter additional will be needed; or if ribbon is used, two yards and one-half will be required. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

"I HAVE SUFFERED!"

With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending "Hop Bitters" to me, I used two bottles! Am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop * * * Bitters. I was afflicted With inflammatory rheumatism!!! For nearly Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any Good!!! Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope "You may have abundant success" "In this great and" Valuable medicine: Any one! * * wishing to know more about my cure? Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington, D. C.

——I consider your Remedy the best remedy in existence For indigestion, Misery —*Complaint*

"And nervous debility. I have just" Returned "From the south in fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more Good Than anything else; A month ago I was extremely "Emaciated!!!" And scarcely able to walk. Now I am Gaining strength! and "Flesh!" And hardly a day passes but what I am * * * * * * * * * complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop Bitters! J. Wicklife Jackson,

—*Wilmington, Del.*

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops in their name.

Straw hats heavily trimmed with cloth pinked out on the edges are among millinery novelties.

"I have never sold a remedy that has given such entire satisfaction as Burdock Blood Bitters; I sell more of it than any other dollar preparation," says J. E. McGarvin, druggist, Acton.

There is a return of favor to glace kid gloves.

LEADING DRUGGISTS on this continent testify to the large and constantly increasing sales of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and report its beneficent effects upon their customers troubled with Liver Complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, impurity of the Blood, and other physical infirmities, and as a female medicine, it has accomplished remarkable cures.

The skirts of street dresses are worn shorter.

Mr. William Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders, I have also used it in cases of croup in children, and have found it to be all that you claim it to be.

Mantle visites and jerseys are things of fine art.

"My customers say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best blood purifier in the market," thus writes Wm. Lock, of McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Gold-beaded white laces are coming in vogue.

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to all vigor.

LONDON NEWMARKET.

A stylish garment for street wear or for traveling. The length renders it protective and its construction adapts it to walking or riding with comfort. It is made in fancy Cheviot, showing a commingling of dark blue with red, and it is finished throughout in correct tailor style. The binding on the edges is of dark-blue silk braid of the finest quality. The dark-blue straw walking hat has the brim slightly rolled, and the shape is particularly adapted to suit the high coiffure. The full bow that rests against the crown in front is made of blue velvet ribbon with some loops of gold braid. The double illustration, given among the separate fashions shows the arrangement of the back of the garment, and the quantity of material required for a medium size is stated therewith. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

MELUSINE COSTUME.

This costume is rendered especially noticeable on account of the perfect harmony of the goods and garniture. It is made in embroidered and plain garnet surah, and trimmed with "Kuraheedt's Standard" garnet silk lace, woven in a pretty Spanish pattern. While the unity of plain and figured goods is attractive and pleasing, yet such a combination is not necessary, as other varieties of dress goods may be used, and plain materials make up with an equally stylish result. Any style of waist or basque may be worn with this skirt, and the wrap will give perfect satisfaction, as it is neatly fitted to the figure. The costume is illustrated among the separate fashions, and in the description accompanying it the quantity of material and trimming required to make a medium size is stated. The hat is a fancy braid in which there is a slight mixture of tinsel. It is faced with garnet velvet edged with gold braid, and a *rouleau* of the same materials is placed around the crown. A full bow of *damine* ribbon on which garnet velvet flowers are out'ined with tinsel is arranged in front, high against the crown. The gloves are of tan-colored kid. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

MURIEL COSTUME.

A dainty model, especially desirable for materials that will drape gracefully or can be easily formed into tucks. The front open disclosing a plaited vest, and the whole effect is youthful and stylish. The size for twelve years will require eight yards of plain goods twenty-four inches wide, and four yards and one-half of figured material of the same width to make as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

MAB'S SISTER.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

I was away from him and his mild "don't you knows" at last, and, going as far as I dare to the edge of the plateau, gaze down in a sort of rapturous dream upon the sunlit scene.

"Take care, Miss Gerard; if you were to get giddy it would be all up with you!" a voice says at my elbow; and a hand is gently placed on my arm, drawing me farther from the edge of the yawning precipice. "This is such a dangerous place," Mr. Oliphant goes on; "they ought to put some sort of a railing round."

"It is very grand!" I murmur.

"Very; one feels such an insignificant atom in the midst of it all; and yet," he adds, half to himself, "it was made for us and our enjoyment."

"And I am sure we appreciate it, Mr. Oliphant."

My tone is slightly injured. He laughs.

"You do, certainly. Your face has been a study for the last ten minutes. You admire the beauties of nature, evidently, Miss Gerard."

"Who does not?" I ask, vexed at the tinge of sarcasm in his tone.

"Some people have not a particle of enthusiasm on the subject. Why, I came here once with a man whose only remark was, 'Ah, very good indeed; rather like a scene by Telbin!' Fancy comparing this"—making a sweeping gesture with his hand—"to a scientific work of art, done by the hand of man!"

I murmur a few words of acquiescence; then there is a pause.

"Where are the others?" I ask, after a while, finding the silence somewhat embarrassing. "Are they not coming?"

"I suppose so. I left them on the way," he answers carelessly; but upon his face there comes a look I have never seen there before, an expression of angry contempt.

"By-the-bye," he continues, looking at me keenly, "have you and your cavalier quarreled? I met him just now with a most lugubrious expression on his face."

"He is a stupid boy not worth talking to," I answer pettishly; and then I repeat our recent conversation, at which Mr. Oliphant laughs heartily.

"Poor fellow!" he exclaims. "You are hard upon him, Miss Gerard. I am afraid Archer's society spoils you for that of less intellectual individuals."

The words are lightly spoken; but they anger me.

"At any rate, Lily seems to find his company interesting enough," I retort.

The remark is about as thoughtless a one as I could have chosen; but saying just what comes uppermost on the spur of the moment is a fault of which I have tried in vain to break myself. The arrow hits its mark this time with a vengeance. Mr. Oliphant starts and turns a dusky red under his bronze; but he only says shortly—

"Yes; your sister has good taste as well as you."

"It is nothing to do with taste on my part. I am always obliged to entertain him when he is with us."

"But you like him?"

"Yes; I like him well enough."

"And your sister?"

"Oh, she likes him too! He is rich, and a Baronet, you know; they always find favor with every one."

Again my idiotic freedom of speech. What has come to me lately, I wonder.

Mr. Oliphant leans against a projecting piece of rock, folds his arms, and regards me attentively.

"Archer has much to be thankful for," he says at length; and there is no sarcasm now in his tones. "I would give all I possess to be in his shoes."

"Why?"

The question comes in spite of me.

"He will gain the treasure which I covet above all earthly possessions," is his grave reply.

I turn away, with a strange pang at my heart. I have never fully realized till now that Lily has gained what I would give the world to possess. Yes, in spite of the feeling almost of dislike which I felt for him in former days, in spite of his indifference to myself and his open preference for my sister, I love Geoffrey Oliphant with my whole heart. I know it now, and the knowledge is far from pleasant. But he will marry Lily, and I——

"Shall we find a seat?" Mr. Oliphant asks abruptly.

I start, color, and murmur a hurried assent. We find a sheltered nook, closed in with a sort of bower of tall feathery ferns, creeping plants, such as wild honeysuckle, blackberry, and jasmine. It commands a fine view of the scenery, and a mossy stone serves for a seat. We take our places on it, side by side, in silence; and then somehow the absurdity of the situation strikes me, and I begin to laugh.

Mr. Oliphant looks surprised.

"What is the joke?" he asks.

"Nothing," I reply, after the manner of my sex; "only I was wondering how we got here, and thinking what a pity it is we are not somebody else."

"I don't see the drift of your observation yet, Miss Gerard; but perhaps I am dull of comprehension. Let me see"—meditatively—"you were thinking it is a pity we were not somebody else. Who ought we to have been, may I ask?"

"Well"—I begin to feel rather confused—"I suppose I ought to have been Lily, or you—"

"Ought to have been Sir Basil Archer. I see."

His tones are grave, and he is regarding me with a look not pleasing to my vanity. Yet somehow I want him to know that Sir Basil cares for me, not Lily. It will make him so much happier.

"Sir Basil doesn't care for Lily," I say abruptly, with my usual headlong unthinking candor. "He—"

"I am not blind," Mr. Oliphant replies. "You need not be unable to explain."

"But I don't want you to be under any misapprehension, and think that Lily—"

"My dear Miss Gerard, pardon me. I do not for one instant suppose that your sister would encroach upon your prerogatives."

My prerogatives! What can he mean? At this moment the sound of voices reaches us from the other side of our screen. The rest of the party have arrived at the plateau. But no; the voices are those of Sir Basil Archer and my sister only. I am about to rise, when a sentence catches my ear and arrests my progress. Mr. Oliphant too hears it, and puts out his hand to detain me. His face is pale, and he looks eager and excited as he makes a gesture for me to keep silence. Unwilling as I am to play the *role* of eavesdropper, it would never do to go out suddenly upon them now. And the words we hear are these, spoken in a tone of loving tenderness by Sir Basil—

"Indeed, dearest, I never cared for your sister. It is true I flirted with her, but only because you seemed to care so much for Oliphant's society"—my companion half rises—"I never loved any one but you, my Lily. Only say, darling, that you will be my wife!"

"This is dreadful! What shall we do? I cannot stay here any longer; it is so mean," I murmur beneath my breath to Mr. Oliphant. He catches my hand in his.

"Stay where you are!" he whispers back authoritatively.

"And you are quite sure, Basil, that you will never flirt with Mab again?" Lily says, in her soft coaxing voice. "You have made me so unhappy."

"My angel you shall never be unhappy again, if I can prevent it. Your sister is most charming"—much obliged to him, I am sure?—"but it is you whom I love;" and then there is an expressive silence.

I can almost fancy I hear the sound of the kiss which I am sure Sir Basil is pressing upon the lips of his betrothed.

Then come some commonplace remarks about the view; but evidently the speakers have no thoughts to spare to the beauty around them; and soon they take their departure, their voices coming up to us fainter and fainter as they pass down the mountain path beneath us.

Mr. Oliphant and I look at each other in some embarrassment. The situation is awkward, to say the least. Here have we two been sitting for the last five minutes listening to vows of love exchanged between those whom we have regarded as our own particular property! And I have actually been trying to impress upon Mr. Oliphant that Sir Basil cared for me. The hot blood mounts to my forehead, and I rise abruptly.

"Let us go down," I say; and without waiting for my companion, I commence a hasty descent, never stopping until I am half-way down the mountain, when I suddenly encounter father toiling up the steep path alone.

"Have you enjoyed it all, Mab?" he asks anxiously.

"Yes," I reply eagerly, because of the mortification of my spirit—"I never enjoyed anything so much in all my life before!"

The rest of the day passes quickly away. I keep Robert Monkton at my side, and listen to his weak conversation, striving by so doing to obliterate from his mind my rudeness at the plateau. I succeeded so well that, by the time we reach home, he has signified to me his intention of making me an offer some day when he has "the tin, don't you know," which blissful prospect however fails to excite in my maiden breast the exquisite delight which it should have inspired there. On the contrary, I feel wretched and *distraite*, and make up my mind to hurry our return to Blandford forthwith.

Lily's engagement causes quite a stir in the family; every one is astonished, and I begin to feel a little consoled for my forwardness in supposing that I was Sir Basil's chosen bride by the discovery that everybody else thought the same.

Lily looks rather confused when she talks to me of her future; but I am too glad to get rid of Sir Basil to be anything but pleased at this new turn things have taken. Once only, when my sister seemed inclined to apologise for having usurped my rights, did my feeling of shamefulness return; but Lily is not observant; and my reply that I was very glad Sir Basil preferred her to me after all, for he would never have suited me for a husband, seemed to satisfy her that I was feeling no broken-hearted regret at his choice, but, on the contrary, rejoiced at it.

And now the time has come when we are to return to our Rectory home. The "Dark House of Trelgethlis" will know us no more after to-morrow, and the heather-covered moors will be a thing of memory only. My heart feels sad, I scarcely know why, as I take my solitary walk for the last time along the rocky path by the river, and watch it dashing along in its headlong course over the huge stones at my feet. Lily is to be married at Christmas, and then she and her husband will go abroad till the London season begins. It will be lonely at the Rectory without her bright face and winning ways. The villagers all love Lily; I can never hope to supply her place to them. Mr. Oliphant has gone away to Edinburg for a few days; unless he comes back to-day, we shall not see him again. He and I have never met since the day of the drive to Craige, for I caught a cold which kept me to my room for more than a week; and then he went away. I feel very sorry for him; Lily had no business to encourage him as she did, and then throw him over without a moment's warning. She deserves to be treated in the same manner herself.

I work myself up into an angry heat as I walk along the beaten path on the mountain side; the river is far below me now—I can see it only by stretching my neck over the precipice; but its sound comes to me still, loud as before. Something also mingles with the sound now, a measured tramp of footsteps, whether before or behind I cannot tell, till a sudden turn in the road brings me face to face with Geoffrey Oliphant. He looks surprised, then pleased, while I flush crimson and come to a standstill.

"This is a very unexpected pleasure!" Mr. Oliphant says, holding out his hand. "I did not think any one ventured this way, especially ladies."

"I never care much what ladies do," I reply, laughing—it is so good to see him again, even though he cares for Lily—"and this is a favorite walk of mine."

"Well, you must not go any farther, it looks as black as thunder overhead; we shall have a storm presently."

I lift my eyes to the sky; it certainly looks very threatening, and I feel a raindrop or two on my face. He is right, I must not go any farther, and yet a *tete-a-tete* walk with him is not at all desirable for my peace of mind. However, there is no help for it, and we walk on together. For some minutes the conversation is on strictly general topics, the weather, our going away, and Mr. Oliphant's future plans. He is going abroad, he tells me, with some old college-friends. I murmur a hope that he will enjoy himself, to which he replies that he is sure to do that.

"Lily is to be married at Christma," I venture to say.

"So Archer tells me. Lucky fellow that I wish I were going to be married at Christmas, and to the girl I love."

"You can't both of you have her," I retort snappishly.

"Certainly not; that would not suit me at all," he says coolly—"would it?"

He looks down at me with a quisical expression; but I am cross, and will not answer.

"Archer has invited me to be best man," Mr. Oliphant goes on; "and you will be chief bridesmaid, I suppose?"

"Yes, unless I am married too."

"Just so—that is exactly what I was thinking."

"Why?"

I turn and face him as he walks a little behind me; he is certainly very provoking this afternoon. To my utter astonishment and dismay, he seizes my hands in his, holding them close to his breast, and stands looking at me, almost as if he loved me. I drop my eyes before his, and try to withdraw my hands; but he holds them fast.

"Mab," he says, "since that day on the plateau at Craigie Pass, I have wanted to ask you a question. Do you think you could take me in Archer's place as your husband?" Had he asked me to take a flying leap with him into the roaring, dashing river at our feet, I could not have felt more amazed and bewildered. "You will think me presumptuous to put myself in his place," Mr. Oliphant continues; "but I will try to make you as happy as even he could have done."

"Don't!" I cry at last, struggling to release myself—"don't!"

He drops my hands and draws away from me.

"I might have known how you would take it," he says sadly. "Forgive me, Miss Gerard; I—"

"It is not that!" I exclaim, everything else forgotten in my eagerness to tell him that Sir Basil is nothing to me. "I never cared for him—never, or he for me. You—you heard what he said."

"Then, Mab, won't you marry me?"

He has come close to me again, and takes my hand in his. Poor fool that I am, the very sound of his voice makes me tremble and my heart beat to suffocation. Why cannot I tell him that I will have no man's cast-off love, that I will never marry a man who loves another woman? But I cannot; and, when he puts his arm round me and repeats his tender question, accompanying it with an expression of endearment sweet to listen to from his lips, pride, dignity, and womanly reserve forsake me, and, throwing myself upon his breast, I cling to him and sob out the words he waits to hear. Surely he must love me a little—else why does he strain me so close to his heart, why are his kisses so tender, his words so loving? I will not think of the future. Lily is going to be married—he cannot have her now; and I will be happy in the present till the shadows come, and life's bright dawn of joy be turned to darkness and despair. Never again will life look to me as it does now, so gloriously beautiful. I often think of this day in after-years, of the wild romantic scenery, the dashing river, and the noble form of my lover, as he walks by my side down the mountain-path, speaking tender words of love—words to which I listen as though they were a message from Heaven and he an angel from the seraphic throng. Ah, love's young dream is sweet indeed! I had never thought to be so happy as I am now, and yet my future husband has been my sister's lover!

CHAPTER IV.

And so Lily and I return to our Rectory home, and spend the short space of time which remains to us before our marriage in taking farewell of the parish and distributing last gifts of clothing and Christmas coals among the aged villagers who have been our *proteges* from our earliest child-

hood. Many and various are the congratulations we receive from our humble friends, whose good wishes for our happiness are mingled with regretful lamentations at our departure from among them.

It is Christmas Eve; in two days more my sister and I are to leave home, and go forth upon the new life which lies behind the—as yet—unlifted veil of the future. We are to be married on the same day in the church where we have knelt Sunday after Sunday, since the day when, with awe-struck countenances and wondering eyes, we first beheld our father in his white surplice take his place at the reading desk, and Lily in her shrill childish treble called out—

"Sing, father, sing! We want to hear the music!"

It is late in the afternoon; outside the snow is coming down in large white flakes that lie, where they touch the bare cold earth, in all their spotless purity. Twilight is falling, and overhead the sky looks dark and gloomy. I stand at the window of the firelit drawing-room and gaze upon the scene without. Far over the fields I can see the dim outline of the church, its windows gleaming brightly from the light within; they are having a last choir-practice for to-morrow, at which I, having a slight cold, have been forbidden to assist, and, after that is over, they will put the finishing touches to the decorations.

I begin to experience a decided feeling of disappointment as I think of all I am missing. Geoffrey might as well have let me go; I should have taken no harm; and now I shall not see the church till to-morrow. Besides, Geoffrey is to take the tenor solo in *Nazareth* and I particularly wanted to hear him. If it had been Lily, she would have insisted upon going. Why could not I have been more determined in resisting my lover's gently authoritative commands not to stir out of the house all day? I wish I had!

My fingers beat a dispiriting tattoo upon the window-pane, and I begin to wonder how long it will be before the rest of the household return home. Father and mother have driven into the neighbouring town to lay in a store of good things for the coming festivities. Basil has gone to meet his "best man," who is to arrive from the North this evening, while Lily and Geoffrey and the rest of our home party, consisting of the Ingrams, one or two of the bridesmaids, together with Bob and some of his brother-officers, are assisting with the decorations at the church. They must be home very soon, for it is nearly five o'clock, and I can scarcely see anything now but the distant light from the windows of the church, and here and there a faint ray proceeding from some far off cottage.

By-and by I tire of my efforts to give due effect to the refrain of "Dream-faces," which my fingers are performing upon the window-pane, and am just beginning to bethink myself of another kind of amusement, when the door is opened and Burton's voice announces "Miss Grimshaw!"

Now, if there is one person in the whole village whom I dislike more than another, that person is Miss Grimshaw. To begin with, she is very short sighted, and invariably mistakes me for Lily, and *vice versa*; then she is the most arrant scandal-monger that ever existed, and, being deaf and consequently only comprehending half of what is said to her, her rendering of the stories confided to her by her gossiping neighbors becomes in most cases so twisted and contorted as to contain very little of the original matter, if indeed any at all.

"I wonder what she has come for to-day?" I think within myself, as, like a soldier about to face the foe, I gather together all my dormant energies and go forward to meet my visitor.

"Ah, my dear Miss Lily, how d'ye do? I thought I would just come and wish you a merry Christmas—not but that it is a dreadful afternoon—snowing so hard, and the wind enough to cut you in two. No, I'll not come near the fire, thank you, my dear; I've got warm with walking so fast."

Miss Grimshaw seats herself upon the corner of the easy-chair I have pushed forward for her acceptance, opens her black leather reticule, and, taking therefrom a huge pocket-handkerchief, blows her nose with trumpet-like sound which strikes terror into my heart as heralding her coming victory over me; then, replacing her handkerchief, she closes the bag with a snap, and, crossing her hands on the top of it, gives me a long and comprehensive stare.

She is a tall gaunt-looking woman, with iron-gray hair arranged in sausage shaped curls on each side of her face. Her eyes are a pale watery blue, which—as she disdains glasses, except for the purpose of reading or working—she is in the habit of perpetually screwing up to assist her vision. But it is Miss Grimshaw's bonnet which irritates me most. It is a large structure, peaked down *a la* Marie Stuart on to her forehead, and in each of the scancies thus left at the side is inserted a huge yellow poppy, whose black middle gives it the appearance of a gigantic eye. These two eyes are glaring at me owl-like at the present moment, fascinating me with their steady unwavering scrutiny.

"And so, my dear, you and your sister are going to leave us—and so soon too! What will your mother do without you?"

"I don't know," I answer.

"Then you ought to know"—sharply. "I saw your sister and her lover just now in the church; I looked in as I passed to leave a few late chrysanthemums out of my little garden—flowers are scarce at this time of the year, and therefore acceptable. Miss Mabel's young man seems a most devoted swain. He and she had a nice little quiet corner all to themselves—hee, hee, hee!"

Miss Grimshaw's laugh, when it takes the "hee-hee!" rattle in her throat, always means mischief.

"I am glad to think he is so attentive, for it has been whispered to me by a little bird that, if a certain gentleman with a handle to his name hadn't come first, a certain young lady might not have got him—hee—hee—hee!"

I rise from my seat, my cheeks crimson. "What do you mean?" I cry indignantly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRETTY TRIFLES IN FANCY WORK.

Something new in the way of fancy work is the use of very narrow ribbon—No. 2, in variegated or Roman stripes. For tidies this is particularly effective. But one yard of cream white Japanese cotton crape or oriental cloth, which, when cut in two, will be found enough for two tidies. Draw the threads a finger from each end, and run in eight or nine rows of narrow ribbon in red blue, yellow, black, green, etc., taking care to have all the colors contrast well. Take up the threads evenly on both sides, like basket work. Allow the ends of the ribbons to extend an inch over the sides, and fasten them in place with Kensington stitch, done in silk on the side hems. Fringe the ends of the tidy, finishing the top with buttonhole stitch, and tie with a bunch of ribbons in the center. Dainty work, or tea aprons, of silk bolting cloth, or linen batiste, are trimmed in somewhat the same manner. Above a deep hem, the threads are drawn for about a quarter of an inch wide, leaving the same space between each drawing, until there are five or seven open places. Through these run ribbons in harmonious colors. Tiny pockets are added and adorned with rosettes of the ribbons. A broad hem is made at the top, through which a wide ribbon runs to tie about the waist.

A touch of color adds much to a prettily arranged dinner table, and it is not only the doilies that are now embroidered, but bread and corn napkins, and a cloth to lay under the meat platter, are worked with appropriate mottoes as "Eat, Drink, and be Merry," and "May good Digestion wait on Appetite." The most elaborate, however, are the center cloths, beneath the fruit or flowers. These are sometimes of plush or velvet, in dull red or golden olive shades, and are most exquisitely embroidered with silk, in designs of fruit and flowers. It seems more appropriate, however, to have them of plain white linen, and we have seen a beauty hemstitched and ornamented with a running vine and clusters of scarlet barberries. The filo floss is the best embroidery silk for all outline work or anything that will require to be laundered. A damask doily with a fringed edge makes a nice wash cloth and is pretty with a bowl and pitcher or a monogram outlined upon it in Turkey red cotton. Little things determine appearances.

MUSIC AT HOME.

Von Bulow, the pianist, is reported to have said: "If I stop practice for one day, I notice it in my playing; if I stop two days, my friends notice it; if I stop three days, the public notice it." How little the average piano pupil thinks of the value of continual practice. Frequently girls who have learned to play extremely well under a master's direction, allow themselves to grow lax in observing the maxims he took so much pains to press home. Then practice degenerates into the mere playing over of old pieces and occasional futile attempts to learn a new one. The time and money expended in past days seem to be lost so far as present circumstances are concerned. Fingers grow unmanageable; the touch becomes heavier, less sure; passages are slurred, chords are played as arpeggios, octaves are cheated of one-half of their value, and become single notes. Instead of thoroughness we have superficiality; for correctness, hesitation and uncertainty. Isabel comes home from school, where she has had excellent lessons from a first class master. After dinner papa comes into the drawing room, and asks for some music. His daughter plays one or two movements from a sonata of Beethoven, and perhaps a little Chopin and Schumann. Papa listens gravely, but gets rather sleepy, and says, by-and by,—

"Very nice indeed, my dear; but can't you give us something livelier?"

He does not understand good music, and enjoys far more twelve-year old Mabel's simple tunes and waltzes. As Isabel is sincerely desirous of contributing to her father's evening amusement, she begins to learn lighter pieces, which cost her no pains, and finds that she gives satisfaction at home. For a time she keeps up her classical music, but gradually loses her interest in it, and with the abandonment of all that is difficult of accomplishment, the necessity for regular practice ceases to be acknowledged.

Music, as arranged for the piano, combines as far as possible the parts taken by various instruments in an orchestra. True, the piano is in itself imperfect, unsatisfactory, with very limited powers of expression. Its notes cannot be pathetic as those of the violin, nor sublime as the tone of an organ. But skilful fingers and a sympathetic touch can make even the piano minister to the musical cravings of many a player and listener, and with all its imperfections we are glad to keep our pianos, and to see our girls learning to play them.

AGE DOTH NOT WEARY.

A charming woman has no age. History is filled with the adventures of women whose age, if not their conduct, was respectable. Helen of Troy was over forty when that famous elopement took place. Ten years after, when the fortunes of war restored her to Menelaus, he received her with love and gratitude. Cleopatra was past thirty when she made the conquest of Antony and Diane de Poictiers at thirty six, and for many years after was considered the most beautiful woman at the court of Henry II. of France. Mme. de Maintenod was forty-three when she married Louis XIV., and Ninon de l'Enclos received a declaration of love on her eightieth birthday. The names of many other ancient society ladies might be added to this list.

WIT AND HUMOR.

I have a friend—he is an editor—who declares that the difference between wit and humor, and again between talent and genius, is only the difference between the raspberry and the strawberry. Doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, and doubtless God might have given man a better gift than humor—but He never did. Woman has not the full gift; she has wit and some humor it is true, but she only a slighter sense of humor, whence comes much marital unhappiness. As George Eliot tells us, "a difference of taste in jests is a great strain of the affections."

FASHION NOTES.

Irish poplins are again in fashion.

Yellow flowers are very fashionable.

Color plays an important part in fancy dress bonnets.

The new evening gloves are as long or longer than ever.

Flowers will be more worn than feathers on spring bonnets.

The new spring hats are very high in the crown and narrow in the brim.

Yellow plays an important part in millinery and toilet accessories this spring.

Ribbons striped in canvas gauze and watered silk come for bonnet trimmings.

Lace bonnets will be much worn as soon as the weather will permit their use.

The new capote bonnets are of medium size, and are very quiet and modest in effect.

Great bunches of flowers, all of one kind, are favorite hat and bonnet decorations this spring.

It takes but a small quantity of tinsel-shot camel's hair etamine to brighten a costume of plain stuff.

Braid and embroidery in the greatest imaginable variety of patterns adorn the new Jersey jackets.

Soft Surah satin and taffeta scarfs for trimming bonnets come in broad stripes of soft shaded color.

The peak-brimmed poke bonnet reappears among spring millinery importations and productions.

Fancy bonnets are made of tinsel and novelty fabrics of various kinds over frames of wire and lace net.

Wide tinsel braids put on in bands and long looped cabbage bows are the favorite trimmings of spring hats.

Small sunflowers on flexible stems nod over the crowns of many of the new imported hats and bonnets.

Canvas woven linen etamine ribbons shot with bars of gold thread trim some of the new Paris bonnets and hats.

The wild bushiness of the frizzled bang is abated until now it is reduced to a modest waved fringe on the forehead.

Spring velvets come in all the new shades of mastic, tan, brick red, Russian green, and gray and brown shades.

New silk Jerseys are beautifully beaded with jet in various designs, and sometimes in patterns covering the whole garment.

Some of the new cashmere gloves have the long wrists embroidered in chain stitch on the closed tops, with silk of a paler shade.

Upright jabot bows, in front of a bunch of nodding flowers, which tower above the high crown of the hats, are the feature in spring millinery.

All the trimmings of hats and bonnets are placed directly in front over the forehead, on the forepart of the crown, and tower high above the same.

Some of the new spring hats have high Tyrolean crowns and narrow brims, looped very high on one side with a space in the loop for the trimmings.

New spring wraps for dressy toilets are covered with embroidery and jet beading, trimmed with ruffles of lace, and are in modified dolman, mantle forms.

White hair is so fashionable that ladies are ordering white wigs to wear at evening entertainments, or they use powder to excess on the puffs and loops of their ever growing higher and higher and higher coiffures.

The colors in new silk gloves range from dark to pale shades of modes, tan, russet, and nut brown from filbert and hazel to chestnut, golden brown, grays from slate to pale Russian, and many intermediate tints of gray, blue, amber, and mastic.

STEWED CUCUMBERS.—Pare them and cut into thick slices, flour each slice well, and put them into a stewpan with butter, pepper, and salt to taste. Stew very slowly; add half a pint of clear vegetable broth, flavored with mushroom catsup and a tablespoonful of good claret. Stew until quite tender.

PROGRESS!

"LADIES' JOURNAL."

BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 10

In this competition we exceed any of our previous offers.

The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the Competition that the opportunity for each competitor is better than ever before. In fact there is a valuable reward FOR EVERYBODY correctly answering the following

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible.

2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible.

Rewards will be given the senders of correct answers in the order they are received at the LADIES' JOURNAL office as follows:—

THE REWARDS.

FIRST SERIES.

1.—Fifty dollars in gold.
2 to 5.—Four Ladies' Solid Gold Watches.
6 to 12. Eight Ladies' Coin Silver Watches, very neat.
13 to 499.—Three hundred and eighty-seven Fine Solid Gold Gem Rings.

SECOND SERIES.

500.—A Fine Grand Square Rosewood Piano.
501.—Seventy-five dollars in Gold.
502, 3, and 4.—Three Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Watches.
505, and up to the Middle correct answer of the whole Competition, will be given a Fine German Oleograph Picture, 14x20.

THIRD SERIES.

For the middle correct answer will be given ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD COIN.
From and after the middle, and up to number 400. will be given a volume of fiction, very interesting, bound in paper.

FOURTH SERIES.

401 to 900.—A volume of Poems richly bound in cloth and gilt, worth at retail about $2.25.
901.—A Fine Cabinet Organ, 10 Stops.
902, and up to LAST CORRECT ANSWER received, another of those Beautiful German Oleograph Pictures, an exact copy of a famous oil painting.

CONSOLATION REWARD.

To the last correct answer received in this Competition (which closes on July 15th) will be given $50 in Gold Coin. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from distant points. The letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for this consolation reward. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

OUR PLAN.

As fast as answers are received they are numbered in the ordor they come to hand. A letter containing one dollar will be given two numbers—for instance, numbers 499 and 500. The sender will therefore have a double opportunity to gain a reward. If in doubt about one answer being correct, those sending a dollar may give two answers, and their letter will be given two numbers as above stated, and will therefore have a double opportunity of gaining a handsome reward.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.

The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 large and well-filled pages of choice reading matter, interesting to everyone, but specially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music, (full size,) large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Serial Stories, Household Hints, &c. &c., and is well worth double the small subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large (52,000) and well established circulation that we can afford to place the subscription at this low price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year and one of those elegant volumes of poems, or one of those beautiful oleographs, or an interesting volume of fiction, or an elegant solid gold gem ring, as well as a chance of securing one of the other still more valuable and costly rewards referred to above. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and we have been in business nine years. We can therefore be depended upon to carry out all our promises. We have always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught else in the future. Address, EDITOR "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Canada.

Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the secretions, gives strength to the debilitated, eradicate all humors of the blood and gives excellent satisfaction to all.

Coat sleeves take precedence of all others.

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild-fire, and makes cures wherever it is used.

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THE LIGHT-RUNNING

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TAKES THE LEAD!

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Machines of all Kinds Repaired Promptly.

NEEDLES AND ALL PARTS SENT BY MAIL.

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A MAN'S LIFE SAVED.

I would not be doing justice to the afflicted if I witheld a statement of my experience with Jaundice, and how I was completely cured by using

NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY.

No one can tell what I suffered for nine weeks, one third of which I was confined to my bed, with the best medical skill I could obtain in the city trying to remove my affliction, but without even giving me temporary relief. My body was so sore that it was painful for me to walk. I could not bear my clothes tight around me, my bowels only operated when taking purgative medicines, my appetite was gone, nothing would remain on my stomach and my eyes and body were as a guinea. When I ventured on the street I was stared at or turned from with a repulsive feeling by the passer-by. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I made up my mind to die, as LIFE HAD LOST ALL ITS CHARMS. One day a friend called to see me and advised me to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I thought if the doctors could not cure me, what is the use of trying the Discovery, but after deliberating for a time I concluded to give it a trial, so I procured a bottle and commenced taking it three times a day. JUDGE OF MY SURPRISE, at the expiration of the third day to find my appetite returning. Hope gave place to despair and I persevered in following the directions and taking Hot Baths two or three times a week until I had used the fifth bottle. I then had no further need for the medicine that had SAVED MY LIFE—that had restored me to health—as I was radically cured. The natural colour had replaced the dingy yellow, I could eat three meals a day, in fact the trouble was to get enough to eat. When I commenced taking the Discovery my weight was only 132½ lbs., when I finished the fifth bottle it was 172½ lbs., or an increase of about ½ lb. per day, and I never felt better in my life. No one can tell how thankful I am for what this wonderful medicine has done for me. It has rooted out of my system every vestige of the worst type of Jaundice, and *I don't believe there's a case of Jaundice, Liver Complaint or Dyspepsia that it will not cure.*

(Signed), W. LEE, Toronto.

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A "SURE CURE" FOR CATARRH,

Neuralgic and Nervous Headache Cold in Head, Deafness, Dizziness, Weak and Watery Eyes, and all Kindred Complaints arising from Colds and Exposure. THE GREATEST KNOWN REMEDY FOR THESE DISEASES. Simple and easy to use. Hundreds of testimonials attest to the merits of DOBYNS' "SURE CURE." Read the following specimens and send for large circular full:—

Rev. H. Harris, of St. Catharines, late of Kingston, writes:—"I consider your 'Sure Cure' a splendid remedy for Catarrh. One box cured my son."

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Rev. F. McAmmond, Madoc, says of it: "Your 'Sure Cure' has done wonders for us. We would not be without it for a great deal." Price $1.00 per box, by mail, post paid. Address,

Canadian Agents, DOBYNS' SURE CURE CO., Box 198 Brantford, Ont. Mention LADIES' JOURNAL.

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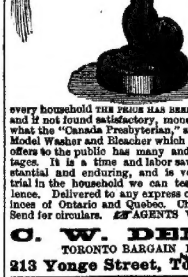
MODEL WASHER AND BLEACHER



Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days. $1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS EQUAL.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $3.00, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian," says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $3.10. Send for circulars. AGENTS WANTED.

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A new evening glove, not yet brought over from Paris, where it originated, is of silk for the hand or wrist, where it is cut in a point on top and applique to an arm of lace which reaches above the elbow, or even to the shoulders if need be.

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Strawberries grown by an entire new process which saves at least 75 per cent. of the labor and expense of cultivation annually. It destroys Insects, Weeds, Grass seeds, etc., saves runner cutting and resetting, renews than once in eight years, I have the Largest and Healthiest Vines in this section, and the total cost of cultivation has been less than $4.00 per acre, this season. I have for sale Hundreds of Thousands of Strawberry, Black and Red Raspberry Plants, my own growing, all warranted pure stock and No 1 plants.

The above system free to every purchaser of $2 00 worth of plants; to others, $1.00. Send for price list of plants and further particulars.

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A Fertiliser made especially for Plants grown in the House or Conservatory; clean, free from offensive odor, largely soluble in water, and producing Healthy Plants, Free from Vermine, and early and abundant blossoms, to which it imparts a rich and brilliant color. Ladies try it on your plants. Hundreds of testimonials from Ladies who have used it, and would not be without it at any price. Send directly to us for a package by mail.

No. 1 size will do 20 Plants for one year, 35c.
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In all branches of trade, our warehouse is Crowded to the Doors every day, while other houses are examining the HARD TIMES through a Microscope, and curtailing their business and reducing their staff, we go into the markets with the CASH and buy enormous quantities of goods from manufacturers who want to turn their Products into Cash at

TERRIFIC SACRIFICES!

Being Large Wholesale as well as Retail Dealers, we Handle immense quantities of goods, and often astonish manufacturers by the magnitude of our orders, while our transactions are so Large as to Entirely control the products of many of the smaller Mills.

For this season's trade we commenced operations with renewed energy. Our contracts have been much Larger than Usual. Our stock will be more varied and extensive than Ever. Our prices will be much lower than usual.

The continued Depression in Trade has Compelled Manufacturers to accept Lower Prices than they ever dreamed of—and our Entire Stock has been secured at 20 Below Zero.

WE HAVE ALREADY RECEIVED

ONE THOUSAND CASES

1,000 Cases New Spring Goods, and are daily in Receipt of other Shipments. To our many Customers throughout the Dominion we would say, make your Purchases as Early as possible, as Goods are Rapidly Advancing, and the Large Quantities of Goods Sold Every Day must Soon Clear Out some of Our Cheapest Lines, which could not be replaced within 20 per cent. of present quotations.

We Sell for Cash Only. We Sell Retail at Wholesale Prices.

Country Merchants and small City Dealers can Buy from us in Our Fixers at Lowest Wholesale Prices.

Note the Address—Our Large Warehouse is not on a front street, but among the other wholesale houses, corner of Colborne street and Leader Lane, and has an entrance on Leader Lane, nearly opposite Toronto Street.

We Would Be Glad to See All Our Customers and Their Friends.

R. SIMPSON & CO.

The Great Dry Goods House, 36 & 38 Colborne Street.

"TRUTH" PREVAILS!

NO. 14.

BIBLE COMPETITION.

About two years ago the publisher of TRUTH, Toronto, resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of his journal to the fullest possible extent, and hit on the expedient of offering a large number of splendid premiums for correct answers to Bible questions. As the effort met with fair encouragement he has ever since continued, from time to time, similar offers, determined to carry out every promise to the very letter, and promptly pay every prize offered. As his publication is a permanent institution, an old-established and widely-circulated journal, and he has staked his all in its success, he is fully alive to the fact that the scheme must be carried out fairly and honorably, without favor or partiality to any one.

This has been done in the past, and it will be done in the future. Within the last two years the publisher of TRUTH has, among other rewards, given out about $3,000 in cash, 25 pianos, 25 organs, 500 gold watches, 500 tea sets, 500 silver watches, besides many other valuable articles too numerous to enumerate here.

No other publisher in America, if in the world, has ever paid out anything approaching this in the same manner, and few others have ever so extensively advertised.

The result is that full confidence has now been established in the honorableness of the scheme, and the reliability of the publisher, TRUTH now circulates in every Province in the Dominion of Canada and in nearly every State of the American Union, besides having a large circulation across the Atlantic.

Among former competitors are the leading citizens of the country—the most respected ministers, public officers, professional men, ladies of every station, and people of nearly all classes. Large lists of those successful in former competitions, have appeared and are still appearing each week in TRUTH. Any of those names may be referred to in regard to what has been done.

A GOOD GUARANTEE.

Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. The publisher has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has always honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all his promises. Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet the publisher is not dissatisfied with the result, as his journal has been splendidly established, and his own business reputation well built up. A good guarantee for the future now lies in the fact that *he cannot now afford to do otherwise than honorably carry out his promises*, as to fail at all would forfeit the result of the efforts of nearly a whole business life time.

The following Bible Questions are propounded:

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible.

2. Give first reference to the word DIVORCE in the Bible.

Correct answers to these questions must be sent in not later than first day of July, 1885, (inclusive) accompanied by one dollar for four months' subscription to TRUTH.

THE REWARDS.

In order to give every one, living anywhere, a fair chance to obtain one of these rewards, they have been distributed equally over the whole time of the competition, in four sets as follows:

FIRST SERIES.—All correct answers from one to six hundred.

SECOND SERIES.—Correct answers from six hundred to the middle answer.

THIRD SERIES.—From middle answer of the whole lot.

FOURTH SERIES.—Consolation awards of the last two hundred received.

WHAT IS NOW OFFERED.

The *first reward* in each of above series will be $100 in gold.

The *second reward* in each series will be $50 in gold.

The *third reward* in each series will be a genuine solid gold watch, positively from the very best makers.

The *fourth reward* in each series will be a fine, ten-stop cabinet organ, (worth about $250.)

For all other correct answers in first series a beautifully bound volume of Shakespeare's complete works, or one of the great poets.

For all other correct answers in Second Series a beautiful German oleograph picture.

For all other correct answers in Third and Fourth Series a volume of fiction, averaging about 200 pages each.

HOW AWARDS ARE MADE.

In every instance when an answer is received it is at once numbered in the order it came in, booked and filed, and at the close the correct answers are carefully selected and rewards are given, no matter to whom or to where they go. There is positively no deviation from this rule. All may be assured of this. The Prime Minister or the President must take his chances equally with the school boy, or the Miss of ten years.

HOW TO SEND.

Don't lose a day about looking up the questions and sending them in, although your chance is equally good anytime between now and 1st July. Send in each case a money order for one dollar, or registered letter with the money enclosed, and the answer written out clear and plainly, with your full name and correct address. Bear in mind every one must send a dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for four months. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended, or the magazine will be sent to any other desired address.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

A valuable reward will be given to *every one* correctly answering the Bible questions. Besides this you are sure to get TRUTH for four months for the dollar sent and that alone is well worth the money. Hundreds of letters are being sent by present readers assuring the publisher that they would not be without TRUTH for many times the subscription price. TRUTH is a Weekly Magazine of current literature, containing 28 large and well-printed pages each week, of such original and select matter as will suit every taste, and not in the slightest degree objectionable to any, but of a high moral tone. Address, plainly, S. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Canada.

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LOVE COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single securing health, wealth and happiness to all. This handsome book of 180 pages, mailed for only 10 cents by the Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

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If you want to buy a fine Style in Langtry Bangs, Waves, Switches, etc., inclose your shade of hair in letter, and Amount, will send you any tyle ordered by return mail. If you have nice long cut hair that you want to sell, send it to me by mail, and I shall send you money what it is worth in return. Address, A. DORENWEND, Paris Hair Works 95 Yonge st., Toronto, Ont. Circular sent on application.

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and the worst case eventually cured by the use of

THE MEDICAL PILE REMEDY

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LADIES when you are disfigured with superfluous hair on face or arms, buy a bottle of

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This preparation is invaluable, for it not only removes the hair but by careful observance of directions destroys the roots, also softens and beautifies the complexion; it is safe, harmless, and painless.

Sent to any address on receipt of price. $2 00 for one bottle or three bottles for $5 00 Write address plainly, and enclose money to

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Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

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Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

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And are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. Each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ **Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford street, London, they are spurious.**